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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Russia and Japan are nearer war by an increased readiness for it, but of the progress of negotiations we have no news. The report that Japan had given Russia till 10 January to make up her mind has been definitely denied from the Japanese Legation in London and we may well believe that, even if war is certain, both sides are evading the onus of a declaration. But if war must come, it is clearly the policy of Japan to demand an immediate issue. She is ready and unhampered. Russia will continue to gain in relative strength by every week of delay; and as Japanese policy in Korea is precise and open, there is no reason why she should not put a limit to evasive delays by demanding recognition of her policy by a determined date. An ultimatum of this nature would throw the actual if not verbal decision upon Russian responsibility. It may be that the Russian case is complicated by ignorance of Chinese intentions. Admiral Alexeieff has just received Hu Yu-fen, director of northern railways, at Port Arthur and, according to the "Times" correspondent, paraded before him the majesty of the Russian fleet in the harbour. It may be believed that Admiral Alexeieff's object extended beyond the question of continuing the Niu-chwang railway to Mukden.

Japan may be said to be ready to strike but unwilling for war. She has bought for a million and a half the two Argentine cruisers now being completed at Genoa. A High Council of War has been appointed and the Government has been given liberty to raise an unlimited sum of money for war purposes. Among subsidiary ordinances the Government, raising a loan on its own guarantee, is hurrying on the Seoul-Fusan railway at emergency speed. Less is known both of Russian preparations and policy. But mobilisation has been vigorous and the Japanese press, according to yesterday's telegrams, reasserts that Russia is holding out for military bases in and off Korea. But the question is no longer restricted to Korea; and Japan's determination to have some understanding on the subject of Manchuria vastly increases the dangers of war. The commercial interests of all Europe and of the United States will be involved and the chance, even likelihood, of Chinese intervention becomes a menace of which no one can attempt to anticipate the ultimate issue.

The French Senate discussed the Foreign Estimates on Saturday. The debate was remarkable only for a typically tactful speech from M. Delcassé. Japan and Russia, allies of Britain and France, are on the razor-edge of war; and M. Delcassé was forced to affirm the unbroken solidity of the Russian alliance without disturbing the sense of the rapprochement between France and England. His whole speech was pacific. He affirmed the pacific intentions of Russia and Japan and generally of the Powers likely to exert their influence. On the day before his speech an arbitration treaty, drawn up like the treaty with Britain, at his suggestion was signed between France and Italy. Even in reference to Turkey he was optimistic, showing some confidence that reform in Macedonia would be well established before "the melting of the snows" and the spring, when the thoughts of Bulgarian youth lightly turn to thoughts of violence.

The Ottoman Government has manifestly hoped to suck some advantage from the absorption of Russia in the Far Eastern crisis and hoped at least to postpone the progress of reform. The objections raised to the appointment of this and that officer to command the gendarmerie in Macedonia were a part of the scheme of delay; but now an Italian officer has received the command, the reforms should go on without any particular concentration of attention by the Russian Government. More serious opposition is likely to come from Bulgaria than Turkey. Sarafoff, the busiest and least reticent of wire-pullers, has proclaimed his intention of promoting insurrection for next spring and made no secret of his hope of making a greater and more independent Bulgaria through the agency of what he calls the interior Macedonian organisation. If he keeps his dates, his insurrection will coincide with the visit of the King to the Emperor of Austria.

Bringing forward his motion on Asiatic labour in the Transvaal Legislative Council, Sir George Farrar spoke for no less than four hours. Its longitude and the interest with which the speech was received are some measure of the general sense of the seriousness of the crisis. After reviewing the gist of the evidence brought before the Labour Commission, he gave it as his conviction that bankruptcy was the inevitable result of the prolongation of the present situation. The effect of the speech has been great; and perhaps nothing in it better helped to dispel fears of what a Chinese "invasion" might mean than his detailed sketch of the regulations under which the labourers would be imported. The second day of the debate was enlivened by a surprising attack on Mr.

Wybergh, the late Commissioner of Mines, who on resigning announced his pious determination to "dish" the mine-owners by leading the campaign against Asiatic labour. Sir R. Solomon, giving a different interpretation of Mr. Wybergh's resignation, said that he received his dismissal six months ago on account of incapacity. The reply from Mr. Wybergh, late martyr to the cause of pure patriotism, should be worth hearing.

The Legislative Council is of course a nominated body, but the principle of nomination has been free from prejudice and there are many other signs that the majority of 22 to 4 gives a rough, if rather exaggerated, notion of the opinion of the country. It can hardly be argued, at least by their friends, that the Boer members, all of whom voted with the majority, have a prejudice in favour of mine-owners. Nor are the general public liable to pressure. A petition, said already to contain 1,700 names, is being prepared, urging the immediate need of imported labour, and pointing out the financial straits of the colony under present conditions. Another symptom of the sense of poverty in the country appears in the notice of a motion requesting the cancellation of the £30,000,000 war contribution. It is difficult to see how in these circumstances, when everyone is aware of the material prosperity which must follow the introduction of Chinese labourers, objection to the change can be squared with proper patriotism.

According to a rumour from Italian sources the Mullah has begun to show a desire for peace; but the little engagement fought on 19 December suggests an unusual determination among his followers. Colonel Kenna with a composite force of 700 men came upon a stronger band than he had expected and after two attempts to drive them back was forced to retire on Badwein. The enemy, it is estimated, lost as many as eighty killed and 100 wounded but seemed to have shown no inclination as on previous engagements to avoid a direct issue. If this attitude is adopted by the main force of the Mullah, General Egerton will find the problem before him not a little simplified. However successful has been the smuggling, the Mullah's troops can scarcely be able to compete in weapons or ammunition with European troops; and the comparative losses in this first engagement are the test. Colonel Kenna who made the attack unsuccessfully lost only two killed and four wounded.

Mr. Arnold Forster's reforms at the War Office seem to be proceeding on well-established lines. A saving of expense as regards uniform is a subject which is always raised by a new broom. It was raised during Mr. Brodrick's régime with the result that officers were put to a very great expense in buying new uniform. The order came out whilst the war was still going on, and the comment in South Africa was strong and by no means complimentary. The War Office now announces the somewhat grandmotherly proceeding of a direct negotiation on their part with tailors to reduce cost on behalf of officers. The amount saved, however, would inevitably be infinitesimal; and in most cases the negotiations will be rendered nugatory because units usually have their own regimental tailors. If it be really intended to save officers unnecessary expense, let the perennial tendency of the military authorities towards changes of uniform be restrained with a firm hand. For at present officers know to their cost that a new pattern of uniform—with a view to reduce expense—is introduced at least every five years; which necessitates the casting away of much serviceable, and in some cases almost new, kit. Few things, indeed, cause more irritation in the army than changes of uniform.

The tariff commission has been increased by thirteen new members; and Sir Robert Herbert has accepted the post of chairman. May be he is not a man who will in any way dominate the proceedings of the committee; and perhaps it is as well. But no one could have been appointed whose career could better indicate the motive of the whole scheme. His connexion with the colonies is longer and in some ways more intimate than that of any man in England. He was Prime Minister of Queensland, where he acquired his special knowledge,

and was Under-Secretary of the Colonies from 1871 to 1892 through the period when the development of the new imperial idea took definite shape. In a smaller way Sir John Cockburn is another representative of the same imperial principle and his special connexion with South Australia will not be more useful than his excellent business capacity. All the other new members represent special interests, but one may trace in almost every instance the tendency to select men whose interests, if not their business, have been on the wider plane.

Among the most strenuous supporters of the existing fiscal system has been and is Mr. Macara, the president of the Cotton Spinners' Association. It is therefore no small matter that Mr. Chamberlain should have secured among his commissioners two leading representatives of the cotton industry in Mr. F. Baynes and Mr. C. Eckersley. The trade as a whole clearly does not regard the position of affairs with the complacent optimism which has hitherto marked Mr. Macara's utterances. But even Mr. Macara is learning in the school of bitter experience. The disgraceful gamble in cotton, which has resulted from the corner in America, has caused a panic on the other side and threatens ruin to half Lancashire. Meetings of the masters and operatives have been held in Lancashire during the week and it has been decided to recommend the reduction of the working time by some 30 per cent. This will aggravate the prevailing distress. But Mr. Macara and his friends go further. They now see the necessity for lending all possible encouragement to the British Cotton-Growing Association. Adversity will carry Lancashire along on the road to preferential tariffs.

The three bye-elections which are pending should among them give an even clearer test of the opinion of the country than Ludlow, where it was difficult to assess the weight of Mr. Jasper More's personality in past elections. Neither Ayr nor Norwich, vacant through the deaths of Mr. Orr-Ewing and Sir Harry Bullard, can be called safe seats. The Ayr Boroughs have been Conservative since 1895 but before that swung from one side to the other. Norwich in the same way has elected a Conservative member in the last two elections, but has previously oscillated. Gateshead will be even more interesting. It is the first consistently Liberal seat to be contested since Mr. Chamberlain's campaign began and his successor is not likely to carry the personal weight of Sir William Allan. We ought to see "a clear issue and the rigour of the game". It will be the more satisfactory if the candidates on both sides follow the Ludlow example and "plump" for free trade or protection.

Neither the attention given to his verses nor the popularity, which he won directly he got into the House of Commons and held to the end, spoilt Sir William Allan. His Viking-like appearance and the fine North Country burr, compared with which Mr. Charles Fenwick's always sounded faint, accounted to some extent for his success and his knighthood. But not wholly. There was a real largeness about the man as well as a seeming. His patriotism steadily burned at a white heat: he did not parade it: it paraded itself. He sat below the gangway often surrounded more or less by men who by word and vote apparently acted on the principle "Our country's enemies—may they always be in the right: but our country's enemies—right or wrong". Yet one and all they liked and respected him; for he was above meanness, intrigue, jealousy. From time to time he exploded with wrath. The Belleville boiler infuriated him. On one occasion, for some reason or other, he fell to trouncing the surprised Mr. Perks very hard indeed, not necessarily to the complete discomfiture of the latter or his friends, but to the titillation of the House. Sir William was immensely popular at Gateshead: the Liberals are not at all likely to fill the gap personally.

The babble as to whether Gladstone went to the theatre on the night when the news of Gordon's death reached England has begun again. We need not with Mr. Morley read noble motives between the lines of everything Gladstone thought, or wrote, or did to

detest this wrangle about Gordon and the theatre incident. This tale, whether it is founded on truth or not, is fit to rank with certain other unpleasing tales against Gladstone's conduct, which at one time too many people loved to direct against him. The large soul of Gordon would have shrunk from this way of keeping his memory green. Curiously enough it is not the whitened sepulchre that has always made play with this theatre business; not the man who measures grief or respect for the dead by the size of the crape: it is the whiskey patriot who has always revelled in it. Mr. Gladstone may have been a considerable sinner; he was scarcely a saint anyhow; but in a matter of this sort where his conduct as an English gentleman was concerned, we fancy he would know how to act.

It is not at all an easy thing to be more loose and inaccurate in expression and hasty in coming to conclusions than Mr. Justice Grantham, but we doubt whether he or the Croydon Licensed Victuallers Society take the honours in their recent correspondence. But he is at least a Judge and ought to know what is becoming in controversy better than the publicans, especially if they are as bad as he paints them. That he does so can hardly be asserted, considering his answer to their taunt that it was through their action that he was returned to Parliament for Croydon in 1885 and thus indirectly owed his judicial advancement to them. If that is so, the publicans have laid themselves open to another charge which Mr. Justice Grantham did not bring against them. In this as in their other operation they are responsible for what can hardly be described as an unmixed benefit. They may be as pure and unsullied in their motives as they represent themselves as being, but it must be confessed they are singularly unfortunate. They are probably too innocent for a wicked world like this.

Several Acts which caused a great deal of feeling and warm discussion came into operation on New Year's Day. The Motor Cars Act, that further regulating the employment of children, and the Act for providing impecunious prisoners with solicitor and counsel for their defence, are the most generally interesting. To these may be added the creation of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation; and there is the County Courts Act which appears in this year's collection of statutes but is postponed until next year owing to anticipated difficulties in the machinery for carrying out the Act. When this Act does come into operation it will make a further encroachment on the status of the High Court, and barristers will have more reason than ever for wishing it had been their destiny to be solicitors. They strain at gnats in refusing women admission to the Bar, and swallow camels whole by accepting without effective protest measures which always diminish their aforesome prerogative of advocacy. It must be confessed they will get a few crumbs from the new Act making provision for defence out of public funds, a very proper addition to the Criminal Law; but that is not much amongst so many. As yet it is not possible to say how far magistrates may put the Act into operation and much depends on the use they make of their powers.

The Bishop of London was, in our view, fully justified in devoting his annual letter to the position of religious teaching in elementary schools. There is no diocesan issue comparable in importance. Dr. Ingram speaks as Churchmen want their bishops to speak, when he says plainly that the Church must oppose the policy of the Free Church Council root and branch. When our bishops speak thus straightly, we know where we are. The issue leaves Churchmen simply no option. The nonconformist plan is "Biblical instruction", as distinguished from "religious teaching", given by teachers who may know nothing of the Bible and care for it less, without any regard to the wish or belief of the parents. A merely secular course would be more honest and work better. The Church is bound to fight for real religious teaching, equal rights being given to every religious communion. The nonconformists propose to establish equality by depriving all churches of justice, the Church by giving it to them all.

A disaster, terrible even in comparison with the Vienna disaster more than twenty years ago, occurred in Chicago on Wednesday last. During the second act of a gala performance in the new Iroquois Theatre the left wing of the theatre became ignited from some unknown cause. On the cry of fire panic seems to have seized the whole theatre and the struggle for the exits became uncontrollable. The number of deaths is even yet not certain but at least 600 people, a large number of them young women and children, were killed on the spot or succumbed to injuries. How much the panic added to the calamity cannot be estimated, but the fire must have spread with appalling rapidity and the majority of those in the first gallery had from the first no chance of escape. The theatre was completed not more than a month ago and should have been provided with the newest safeguards against fire. But either, more Americano, the work was more "smart" than solid or the new machinery of stage illusion has more than counterbalanced the new protective regulations.

But after acknowledging all excuse of accident it can scarcely be doubted that there was criminal neglect somewhere. The American press is almost unanimous in asserting that the asbestos fire-screen has never been in proper working order since the theatre was erected, and the fire-escapes were not yet attached. This deadly neglect of precaution is paralleled by the action of the body of livery stablemen who were on strike. According to the "Times" correspondent they refused absolutely to drive their carriages to the theatre to carry off the injured. There is no escape from responsibility in the argument that the panic produced the calamity. Panic will follow fire as certainly as fire will destroy life; and the certainty of panic must be reckoned in every calculation. All that firemen and doctors could do to mitigate the catastrophe seems to have been done with admirable promptitude; and many fine deeds of courage are recorded. The boy at the stage lift saved all the chorus girls from the gallery and most of the actors owed their safety to the pluck of the chief comedian. But this effective energy only increases the wonder that in the newest and, as was held, most perfect of modern theatres so overwhelming a calamity should have been possible.

It is a simple paradox that the vast increase of Post Office business is evidence of the paucity of letters. Nothing like the press of work—even if we except the 800,000 Encyclopaedia circulars and the telegrams—has been known before in the Christmas season. But how many of those 20,000,000 "letters"—the average daily burden of last week—were letters such as people once wrote? A vast number were picture post-cards, a form of correspondence chiefly remarkable for the absence of space for written words. "Freak" Christmas cards containing bits of plum pudding, mistletoe, even matches—cause for a grievous pun—were common; and such are now considered, in a time of "tabloid" correspondence, as a symptom of the merriment of the season. One can only hope that the balance is a little restored in a material way by the contents of the Christmas parcels. Nearly a million and a half parcels went to the making up of the foreign mail bag for Christmas.

Paris from the first has been the capital of motor-car manufacture and exhibition, and no visitor to the Exposition d'Automobiles et des Sports can doubt that it was the best illustrated epitome yet seen of the motor-car and cycle industry. The building in the middle of the Champs Elysées with a "tube" station at the door is incomparably better suited for the purpose than the buildings at Islington and Sydenham; and, if one may except the loose shingle on which one had to walk and a certain deficiency in the heating and catering, the arrangements were a model for all exhibitions. The bicycles on view included a few English and American makes. The latter have long since gone out of fashion in England on account of their unsuitability for our roads and climate. The French, like the Americans, appear to do most of their riding on boulevards and other good roads in fine weather, hence their models still follow very closely the same lines. Most of the pedal

bicycles exhibited had the lightest of wooden rims and tires, no mudguards, and either the standard American combination of free-wheel and back-pedalling brake, or none at all.

In the motor-bicycles, on the other hand, a strong tendency towards the adoption of English finish and equipment was evident, most of the machines having fairly efficient mudguards and a couple of powerful rim or band brakes; but the quality and finish of the work are still inferior to the English. Another curious feature was the extreme scarcity of passenger attachments. Only two forecarriages were to be found and not a solitary sidecar or trailer. As to the engines fitted to the French motor-cycles they have no advantage over the best examples now turned out in England, except that greater enterprise is being displayed in the manufacture of suitable twin-cylinder motors, both air and water cooled, and developing from four to six horse-power. There is certain to be a growing demand for these in England as the inadequacy of the single cylinder for passenger work in hilly districts becomes better known. One of the most interesting details was a very complete and simple code of warning signs which has been drawn up with true French precision by the Association Générale Automobile and adopted by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. These symbols are bold outlines in white on black-enamelled iron plates, and show at a glance the shape and character of a hill, a corner, or dangerous cross-roads, also the presence of railway crossings, culverts or humps in the road, bad pavement, villages. It is to be hoped that they will soon supersede the clumsy boards hitherto provided by the National Cyclists' Union and the Cyclists' Touring Club.

Mr. George Gissing, who died last week, was a second rank novelist: considering who the first-rate English novelists have been—George Eliot, for instance, Thackeray, and Walter Scott—this is not to appraise him too lowly: the second-class mark include writers even as brilliant as Trollope, Fanny Burney, Bulwer, and possibly Jane Austen, a goodly company to be in. It was long before he won recognition, but he lived to enjoy all the favour he deserved, not a little. It would not be claimed for him that "he saw life steadily and saw it whole"; but he was a watcher and interpreter of life in certain phases, and his books represent the real thing. The great bulk of the novels published to-day represent nothing of the sort: they are quite absurd. But if the unpublished "Times" every day is larger than the published "Times", the number of the written novels is season after season treble or quadruple, at the least, of the number of novels actually printed. Unsuccessful novelists, like minor poets, are a stock subject for ridicule, but the matter is not a fit one for laughter. It is pitiful, not by any means amusing, the long, long list of MSS. of novels growing blacker and blacker and more and more frayed, which the agents pass on from publishing house to publishing house; the author growing hungrier and hungrier, and the publisher more and more callous as he sees the sure signs that the offer made to him has been the round. Can nothing be done to persuade people not to try novels?

Long absent Alfred reappears at last. We have missed the Laureate from the "Times" these latter years, so we met him with renewed pleasure this New Year's morning. He never fails to amuse. The burden of his song this time is the march of Time which suggests to him the march of the Russian army—or the other way round. Our Laureate will never quite shed the journalist with his topical flair. But what is the meaning of "damsel dawn"? And how do rivers "yawn"? Also, we should like Mr. Austin to look in at Professor Ray Lankester's lectures at the Royal Institution on extinct animals to learn whether he rightly describes the mastodon as a sea-beast. And why is the scilla called "blue-eyed"? Most scillas are blue all over, except for a little white at the centre. If they are eyed at all, they are white-eyed. The whole ends in a burst of splendid jingoism. British sentinels stand erect at the world's gates, while the Lord sits on His throne. Where is Mr. Kipling now?

FAR EASTERN WAR AND EUROPE.

IT would appear now to be quite clear that the demands of Japan in the Manchurian affair are serious and not merely intended to afford Russia an occasion for abandoning aggression in Korea. The firmness of Japan in this matter has one clear advantage for her, it insures the sympathy and moral support of those nations who are equally bound with herself to exact the fulfilment of Russian pledges as to evacuation. History will perhaps take a different view about the sagacity of England and the United States in dealing with these obligations than do their statesmen at the present crisis. It is true that Manchuria is not immediately a vital question for us but it implies much. The United States, beyond their own continents, have not yet acquired wide views but they have protested vehemently about their trade interests in those regions. They must know, however, that Manchurian ports once Russian, American trade will receive slight consideration. To treat the United States and any other traders otherwise would be the negation of all established Russian trade-policy. But we may take it that the Powers most interested either actually or prospectively in Manchuria have made up their minds not to try to push Russia back at present and that effective opposition will only be possible from Japan. The impulse that drives her to active resistance is the same that impels her rival, the determination to dominate China. If it were matter of choice, China herself would rather be led by Japan than driven by Russia but at present China has no efficient means of resistance and the Power which bulks largest in her neighbourhood will have her allegiance. This is the serious consideration for Japan and will determine her action. There are however other considerations of merely tactical importance which may lead her to strike soon. During next year Russia may expect to see her fleet increased in those waters by five new battleships and two second-class cruisers. This alone may be argument enough to make Japan hasten to get in a staggering blow while the chances are in her favour. On the other hand, even in the event of immediate war, it is by no means certain that the Russian commander would give her the chance. He might well believe it the wiser course to withdraw his fleet under the guns of Port Arthur and await events. But here again speculation comes in and we may well inquire whether Port Arthur be the impregnable stronghold it has been represented. The works are there, but are they duly provided with guns? Some authorities presumably well-informed answer "no", but all ideas of Russian preparedness for war float in conjecture. One thing is as certain as anything can be in that most secretive of bureaucracies, that corruption still counts for much and that the selfish indifference to national interests which nearly wrecked Russian armies in the last struggle with Turkey has not yet ceased to play its sinister part in the development of Russian preparations either for war or peace. If war breaks out, as now seems too likely, the game of Japan will be to force on a naval Armageddon, of Russia to avoid it and force Japan into a land war. But all calculations founded on such speculations are clearly subject to the self-restraint of individual commanders. A Russian admiral burning for distinction and despising the enemy might well expose his country to her greatest catastrophe since Sevastopol and that might again throw her back twenty years.

The most hopeful feature of the crisis (so far as other Powers are concerned) is to be found in the combination of France and England to bring about a peaceful solution. There is no doubt that so far as we can do so from a friendly standpoint, each of us is for putting off the evil day for its ally. The risk to each is immense, as it is hardly necessary to emphasise. The extent of French obligations to Russia has never been fully revealed to a curious world. But we must remember that at the time the Franco-Russian Alliance was entered into France was Anglophobe. How far then may she have committed herself to the support of Russian pretensions in the Far East to the detriment of Great Britain in return for insurance against an attack in Europe from

the Triple Alliance? At this moment nothing could well be less popular in France than a war with ourselves, or any other opponents, on behalf of Russian aggressions in which France has no interest. As we have pointed out before, this feeling was clearly manifested both in Senate and Chamber early in 1902 when the matter was broached. The declarations of M. Delcassé were then in the highest degree pacific. Both time and circumstances enjoined that attitude. Lord Lansdowne's declarations were equally pacific both in form and substance but anyone could see that the excellent intentions of all parties might be twisted into action which they might regret but would regard as inevitable. We have always maintained and still do so that war for the immediate interests at stake would be equally repugnant both to France and ourselves and we are convinced that both nations are resolved, whatever may happen to our respective allies, on no account to become involved in the conflict. But the experience of all history compels us to inquire what are such resolves worth? Worth a good deal, we might say, were States controlled as Venice by her Council of Nobles or Florence by Lorenzo, but France and England to-day have many points of view to consider besides that of pure statecraft. Popular feeling and a thousand other influences may deflect the statesman's course. For that reason we cannot put aside all apprehensions as to our own course.

The gravest peril after all lies in the possible attitude of China. Japan would not fight for the trade of Manchuria, but she would prefer war to seeing the development of a regenerated China in the hands of Russia. An almost desperate situation may be created if Japan induces China to come in on her behalf. That would make the pathway of Russia easy. It would at once regularise her position in Manchuria and nothing short of a miracle could prevent her occupying Pekin. Then what ground of interference would be left to any other Power? Russia would only be within her rights as a belligerent in finally appropriating Manchuria, sans façons, and refusing to leave the capital. Moreover any Chinese action would probably mean general risings which in turn would involve general European intervention. Here would be those "fresh disturbances raising once more the question of the integrity of China" of which M. Delcassé spoke as certain to bring about French intervention.

Apart from the injury we should do one another, any conflict between France and England could only result in benefiting our real rivals Germany and the United States; the mercantile and maritime aggrandisement of both at our expense would be the certain consequence. There have been ideas promulgated by certain journalists that Germany would take part against us in such a struggle. The idea is obviously fatuous if one takes into consideration the interests involved. Germany more than America would be likely to pick up what we should be forced to let drop in the course of a great war. It is not her game to aggrandise France or Russia at our expense, but to put into her own pocket as much of our commerce or carrying trade as she can snatch. The dangers of the present situation, whether arising from treaty obligations or otherwise, are so apparent that both the French Government and our own may be trusted to err on the side of caution. Unhappily the true key to the problem, the incalculable Chinese factor, lies beyond our grasp.

ADMIRALTY REFORMS.

THE year does not close with any such sensational proclamation of naval policy as did 1902 but the publication of letter 17187 (1903) followed by that of 11093 (1903) shows that the Board of Admiralty is steadily working out the far-reaching reforms which it has set itself to carry through. Announcements of changes thought out in the course of the year are appropriately made at Christmas, because the New Year is a suitable time for giving effect to plans matured in the preceding twelve months, and the period which must elapse before the Naval Estimates are brought forward enables the public

better to understand the progress that has been made in naval evolution.

It is most difficult, as experience has shown, to tamper with any established system of promotion without producing undesired results, to say nothing of much grumbling on the part of officers adversely affected by the change; but it has long been acknowledged that it would be desirable to have a larger number of younger officers of flag rank, and an effort is now made to bring this about. Under the old method an officer, though unemployed, could remain on the active list for an undesirably long time without being obliged to retire, and the consequence of this has been that a certain proportion of men, who had unexpectedly reached flag rank through deaths and retirements of those above them, have been the means of obstructing the promotion of officers it may be of greater capacity. The men particularly hard hit through such accidents of fortune have been those lower down the list, who, though able officers, were not sufficiently young to await their turn for a vacancy. The shortening of the periods of non-service necessitating compulsory retirement will lessen this evil, the service will benefit by the alteration, and, so far as it is possible to judge, no one has any reason for complaint. The danger that capable senior officers may be passed over in order to give juniors employment is a slight and not a new one, for the old practice made it equally possible. The new state of things must relieve congestion in the higher ranks, and will only compel speedier retirement in the case of those officers who would in no circumstances have stood any chance of being further employed. The new conditions of service improve the scale of pay to all officers retired under them, and by implication practically abolish the invidious distinction of "Harbour Service", which counted only half time for purposes of pay and promotion.

No reorganisation of naval education could be considered satisfactory which did not aim at securing the best training for gunnery and torpedo specialists, and letter 11093 institutes reforms which seem to be in the right direction: the gunnery and torpedo schools are relieved of the burden of training men with no particular bent for gun or torpedo work, a decided improvement, though we believe there is some difference of opinion in the service as to the wisdom of a fifteen weeks' course introduced for the purpose of enabling lieutenants to qualify as third-class specialists. This course is not long enough to make a man very cunning in his art, and a lieutenant distinguished "G" or "T" is hardly likely to prove more useful than one who, for the extra shilling a day can, under existing rules, be called upon to perform either the gunnery or torpedo duties of a ship. An alternative, which would make an officer worth the extra two shillings which is promised to the lieutenant qualifying as "G" or "T", would be to give him a six months' practical course at the end of which time he should pass a final examination. He should not be allowed further opportunity to qualify for "three shillings" rank, for we assume one of the main objects of this new experiment is to have a sufficient number of gunnery and torpedo officers immediately available for the rather less responsible duties of their respective branches. In connexion with the subject of gunnery training, we hear there is some proposal to alter the conditions of prize-firing so far as increasing the distance of range is concerned, other conditions remaining the same as at present. This does not find much favour with gunnery officers who consider prize-firing as now carried out a competition between the gun-layers of a particular ship: for this purpose a short range suffices, since it would be only when at fairly close quarters that fire control would become unnecessary. They would prefer to keep the short range for competition where individual gun is pitted against individual gun, and have a further prize-firing system introduced, whereby the ships of a squadron might compete against one another, the ship taking the place of the gun as the competing unit, and, in a squadron competition of this nature, a greatly increased range to be used. The Mediterranean Fleet has already tried something of this nature with such satisfactory result that it is probable squadron prize-firing competitions will be adopted throughout the

service, and if so they are certain to become valuable factors in gunnery training.

In the operation of overhauling the naval machine, and adjusting its parts where out of gear, many improvements are quietly made which escape the notice of the casual observer, who has small opportunity to appreciate them at their true worth: one of these is the simple arrangement which is to take the place of the cumbrous system under which the destroyer flotilla has been hitherto managed. The inspecting captain of destroyers, with his headquarters at Deptford, together with his subordinates, the three post-captains commanding dépôt-ships, each responsible for the destroyers of his particular post, disappears, and the whole of the flotilla divisions come under the direct control of the commander-in-chief of the home fleet, who is given the assistance of one captain borne for duties with destroyers, who will also undertake responsibility for their efficiency. The dépôt-ships will be handed over to three commanders, junior to those commanding the destroyer divisions, an arrangement that will much facilitate harmonious co-operation and smooth working.

THE HOSPITAL MUDDLE.

THE London hospitals are at present in one of the continually recurring crises of their history. Like all unfortunate people who live on charity they find their funds precarious, and the benevolent donor exceedingly sensitive as to what they do with his alms when they get them. In this particular case the benevolent donor has no difficulty in showing that the means he supplies are far from being spent as economically and usefully as he would like, and he is engaged in devising some scheme by which he may obtain more control than hitherto he has had over the administration of his benevolences. His idea of the moment is the creation of a Central Board which shall take over the duties of the Hospital Sunday Fund, the Hospital Saturday Fund and the King Edward's Hospital Fund in the supervision of supplies to the several hospitals and their spending of money; and in addition shall have conferred upon it more extensive powers than these funds now possess. This is undoubtedly what needs to be done and will have to be done before long; but the method proposed to introduce a central control is not adequate to the requirements of the situation. It is hopeless to attempt to meet the case of the hospitals by regarding them as charities to be run on the principle of coal and blanket funds. The grace of charity does not subsist along with watchful administration; and when such administration becomes a necessarily concomitant idea you get into the region of business or politics, municipal or imperial; or whatever the proper epithet may be. At all events it is no longer the atmosphere of charity.

Just as the raising of the funds themselves by appeals to private benevolence is absurdly inappropriate and inadequate, so is the proposal to rely on private and voluntary intervention for devising, controlling, and regulating the modes in which they shall be spent. The proposal is doomed to failure and even in the minds of the proposers there is a consciousness that it is a makeshift, as may be seen from Mr. Sydney Holland's letter in the "Times" which gives the whole case away by an admission that private begging has become impossible. There is a perpetual confusion of ideas amongst those who are in favour of it because they persist in regarding the hospitals as objects of charity, and the intervention of the State or municipality as an endeavour to destroy the moral benefit which results to the individual from giving alms. But they are not charities; they are public services; and we recognise that each member of the community has as much right to demand their efficiency in the public interests as he has to insist on a good tramway, or water, or gas or postal service, or any other apparatus of a civilised community. Perhaps hospitals may have begun with the elementary notion that they were for the relief of the sufferings of the poor. But that sentimental stage has been overpassed; and hospitals have much more complex uses in modern

life. In the natural evolution of institutions it is inevitable that what has happened with the poor-law system and the education system and the innumerable other things in English history, including even the administration of justice, will happen to the hospitals. They will be taken and absorbed into the organisation of the community and be placed under the municipality or the State either directly or indirectly. Anxiety to avoid this destiny for their protégés on the part of those who are so anxious about the Central Board would be amusing if one did not feel that attention was being uselessly directed towards an ineffective end. They are so afraid of being swept, as they call it, into the office of the County Council that they will not face the real fact of the situation, that the time has come for something which voluntary association cannot supply.

What they are vainly imagining is that they can create an organisation which will have all the powers and the driving force of a legal body without possessing its powers of compulsion. Any body which can claim to direct the hospital policy of the metropolis as a whole must have the power to raise funds from the public and must be responsible to the public for the policy. To the merely pious opinions of any otherwise constituted body the hospitals will not defer so as to subordinate their local and particular aims to the general good of the whole. The egoism of the charitable is admittedly one of the chief obstructive forces which hinders the economy of administration and the application of funds to the greatest advantage. There are many very objectionable features in a system of organised charity, which always becomes organised hypocrisy and ostentation and vulgarity, but none is more objectionable than the claims to patronage which individuals make on the strength of their contributions. In a country town where the solicitor, or the banker, or the prosperous shopkeeper, sets up as a small providence over poor people on the strength of a guinea subscription, we can excuse this kind of provincial self-importance with a smile at its absurdity. But it is more than ridiculous to find the same kind of spirit so considerable a force in preventing the reform of the London hospital system. The public has for a considerable time been aware of the many selfish and sectional interests that are responsible for the maintenance of the hospitals as they now are, and the extravagance and ineffectiveness that are the consequence. Governors and the medical staffs of hospitals are impatient of control, and they would set at defiance or over-reach a Central Board such as that which is now being proposed. A Board of this kind would have to submit to many things contrary to its own opinions for fear of proclaiming the existence of disputes, and so making the public suspicious as to the destination of their subscriptions.

Twelve years ago the House of Lords Select Committee on the Metropolitan Hospitals reported in favour of the creation of a Central Board of an entirely voluntary character which was to save the hospitals from "having recourse to Government aid or municipal subvention". As this was a scheme after the Charity Organisation Society's own heart, it attempted five years later to carry out the idea. But the plan has been a failure; and there is no suggestion yet how it is to be carried out in face of the fact that there is no inclination on the part of the hospitals to subordinate their individual action to any such impotent authority. They are willing enough to accept the certificates of the various hospital funds as to their general usefulness and bona fides, so as to obtain their share of the charity funds raised by the elaborate system of touting on which they subsist from hand to mouth; but there is no sign that they will submit to anything further than is within the resources of the hospital funds managers to apply to them. After twelve years a Board of Control as contemplated by the House of Lords Committee has failed to appear, though the co-ordination and control of the London hospitals has been persistently preached. It is being discussed again because the increasing difficulty of maintaining the hospitals seems ominous to those who object to Government aid or municipal subvention. They are intent on keeping up

subscriptions by frightening the ratepayers; and if a voluntary Board of Control is established they think a similar restoration of confidence will follow as happened when the hospital funds managers gave their limited voucher for the suitable destination of the public's contributions. It seems to us only a part of the elaborate humbug in which hospitals have become involved by attempting to subsist on charity. If they are to become a satisfactory instrument for fulfilling their purposes as national institutions, which they are both for the purposes of public health in its widest meaning and of scientific education, this must be effected by putting them under the only control which can be really effective—the control of an authority which has the power to endow them "with Government aid or municipal subvention". They must be freed from the stigma of subsisting on charity.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: MALVERN COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1864. HEADMASTER, REV. SIDNEY JAMES: APPOINTED 1897.

ONE of the healthiest spots in Central England, Malvern is in many ways admirably adapted for a school. Near, but not too near a district of England pretty thickly occupied with busy prosperous humanity, with a bracing air, and open spacious country around it, Malvern might excite the envy of many a school founder. Yet it was not till after the middle of last century that the site was occupied for a school: Malvern is one of the industrial limited company ventures which nineteenth-century notions have substituted for the mediæval pious founder when a school has to be built. Possibly however there is not less generosity, less real benevolence, in those who co-operate to form the limited company and finance the new venture: debenture holders forego the interest on their shares, and have secret intentions of leaving even the capital to the school in a manner which suffers nothing by comparison with the single founder's generous appropriation of a field yielding probably £4 a year for the education of poor honest lads for ever. But nowadays we must be gregarious, to a strictly limited extent, even in our charity: and the capital cost of a big modern public school would leave gasping the simple patron of the dozen poor honest lads.

And Malvern is a big school, big in many ways: its numbers are 480, having gone up to the extent of eighty boys, a sixth of the whole, under the régime of Mr. Sidney James. And the vital interests of the school suffer not a particle from the fact of her birth in these latter days; indeed, as in the case of Rossall, Haileybury, Clifton or Marlborough, the very absence of ancient tradition seems to secure, or at any rate promote, an absence of convention and a real adaptability which when combined, as it so often seems to be, with downright, strenuous activity, is the making of any school. Yet it is no cheap pandering to modernity that has secured Malvern her place in the educational world: true the school notices intimate that "special instruction is given in book-keeping and shorthand when desired"—but as the witty prologue at this year's school speech day put it—

"Conservative, still scholarships we seek
Nor deem it waste of time to study Greek."

Mr. Sidney James' name is a guarantee that the classics would not be left in the cold, and the list of classical scholarships gained this year, six at Oxford and Cambridge proves that the sixth form do not "seek" in vain. But in other departments the school does equally well: in the honours list there are six science or mathematical scholarships, and eighteen passes in the Civil Service or Woolwich and Sandhurst: Malvern's success in athletics is notorious, and the school apparently almost wearies of "the long-drawn series of Blue on Blue" to quote the prologue again; was it not here that the brothers Foster first learnt to handle bat, ball and racquet?

It is not any particular department that seems to call for emphasis in this connexion more than another:

the really curious and interesting thing is that without wealth and without Royal patronage or great traditions a school seems to have sprung to life almost ready-made, active and successful in greater or less degree at all points.

The financial structure is the same still as at the foundation of the school when capital was provided by £40 shares: of such shareholders there are still a large number, and shares carry with them the right of each shareholder to give a nomination for entrance: every boy must have such a nomination, and if his parents know no friendly shareholder, they must pay £6 to the Council, who have a certain number at disposal, for one. In addition the authorities appear very ready when necessary to back any new effort for the good of the school, and to subscribe or help to collect funds for capital expenditure. The actual maintenance of the school is kept up by the fees, which amount to about £30 a year for tuition, and £68 for boarding: probably about £118 a year would at a reasonable estimate cover all a boy's total expenses for the year. Mr. James is emphatic in approval of Thring's principle that to secure good masters and their permanent interest, it is essential to avoid the barrack system of some schools, such as Rossall or of College at Marlborough, and put the boarding-houses into masters' hands: the boys are at least as great gainers by that system as the masters.

In spite of the many varied and rich openings of modern life Malvern has, we learn, every reason to be proud of the numbers and high standard of those who apply for vacant masterships. The school is divided into classical, modern and army sides: the latter is conducted so as to pass boys direct into Sandhurst Cooper's Hill or Woolwich and a fairly high standard must be obtained before boys are allowed to enter it. Classical and modern boys work together for the five forms of the lower school, the only differentiation being that those who intend to go on with classics begin Greek, while those passing into the modern side take German instead: the lower school consists of about 125. Above that the classical and modern sides are completely separated, the former comprising about 170 the latter about 100: then higher up the school there is further specialisation, the army side claiming 51, a class for the London Matriculation 34, and a special science form 16. The whole school is rearranged in special sets for mathematics: this does not seem to us so good a plan as that adopted at some schools of rearranging the school for mathematics in groups of only three or four forms, so keeping boys of the same age more or less together while allowing for differences of ability: the Malvern plan has at any rate the merit of bringing classical and modern boys together and preventing any hard and fast division: of social barrier between any of the sides there appears to be no trace.

Of distinctive features by no means the least is the bracing and restorative character of Malvern air: this not unnaturally leads to the presence of a certain number of boys who have had physical defects or possibly illness when very young and who come to Malvern and are built up and do well. This probably carries with it the presence of a certain number of backward boys in the lower part of the school, but it is extremely valuable that the country should possess a first-rate school where this building-up process is possible, and by the time the higher forms are reached and health is established any earlier backwardness will have disappeared. At the same time, though no superannuation rule exists, the headmaster rightly reserves full discretion to "retire" any boy who is not doing well by himself and the school. Mr. Sidney James rightly believes most strongly in the claim to attention of every boy, and especially in the right of the average boy to receive the fullest development of which he is capable: in Thring's words "Every boy can do some one thing well".

Whether in spite of or because of this slightly valetudinarian element the athletic side of the school has always been very strong: all the usual elaborate machinery of games and house matches exists and the masters take great part and interest in the management. If we have any criticism to make it is that the athletic

element is too elaborate and almost overdone and though the scholarship list is a very fair one the standard of work throughout the school might possibly be somewhat higher. If this be so, we feel sure the head has his eye upon the defect; but the headmaster is emphatic that athletic distinction is by no means necessary, as it is at many schools, for positions of influence: of the 20 to 25 school prefects probably at any one time a half could not be classed as athletes at all: for the post of prefect character is the sole qualification, reaching sixth form being no more necessarily a passport than getting into the XI.

Another feature to which Mr. Sidney James draws marked attention is the strong tie existing between Old Malvernians and the school, and the headmaster has probably done much to stimulate and encourage it: naturally this association with past alumni is of the greatest value; it shows the present generation the value of the school's life and the affection she inspires in her sons: and not only so but the Old Malvernians on their side always find a ready welcome and moreover show their affection in very practical fashion when funds are wanted for new developments as for the new "gym" or for the new chapel designed by the late Sir A. Blomfield and just finished.

The school is the centre of many other activities: it has good engineering shops, a flourishing natural history society, and supports a useful mission in Canning Town.

Under a headmaster of personality and first-rate power, such as it has at present, very great things are possible for Malvern: Mr. Sidney James has already done excellent work there, and we wish him all further success; he is in any case pretty sure to secure it. While England of to-day produces such men to lead her higher education, she need fear no comparisons with the days of Pears or Thring.

WEST-END ALIENS.*

NOVELS about society are generally written by persons who are not, and never have been, in it. The reader is therefore constantly offended by the crudest mistakes and the grossest improbabilities. Lady Sykes' book is not obnoxious to this charge, for Lady Sykes at one time entertained a good deal in London, and frequented the inner circle of the racing world. She therefore writes about what she has seen and known at first hand, and yet, we think, she makes one capital blunder. The German Jew millionaire does not "do" his guests badly; he does not give them cheap champagne, and get in hired waiters for the occasion, for two reasons. In the first place he knows that he would not be tolerated if he did; and secondly the Jew, however mean in business, is, with few exceptions, fond of the best of everything in his private life, the best servants, wines, cigars, &c. And the sensual side of life is thoroughly understood by the Jews. They may be dangerous at a shoot, and they may be awkward in the ceremonial business, when they try to play the country gentleman. But when it is a question of furniture, or cooking, or carriages, they are all there. There may be exceptions, and the late Baron Hirsch may have been one, for, despite of Lady Sykes' declaration that her characters are "typical" and not caricatures or portraits, Wolfgang is Hirsch under the very thinnest of disguises. If Lady Sykes had not intended this, she might have placed the castle and the big shoot in any other country than Hungary. Baron Wolfgang is represented as a rude boor, who makes his guests uncomfortable. With all deference to Lady Sykes this strikes us as inartistic, because untrue to life. Smart society may be very corrupt and undignified; but after all it does not like discomfort, nor run after bad dinners. And it must be remembered that these foreign interlopers have to compete with houses like Chatsworth and Knowsley, where people are "done" to the top of their bent. But it is not with Lady Sykes' characters that we are concerned

so much as with her moral, for this is distinctly a novel with a purpose. The object of the writer's satire and wrath, which is liberally poured forth, is to show that modern English society has been corrupted and demoralised by American women and German financiers. It is an arguable point whether the greater effect is produced by overstatement or understatement. We prefer the latter, as a matter of art, but we believe the majority are more impressed by exaggeration. Anyways, it is almost invariably the missionary's method. Lady Sykes is a missionary; she wishes to purify society from the influence of aliens with nothing but their sensuality and their means of gratifying it to recommend them. In her missionary zeal Lady Sykes exaggerates, and shows some unnecessary bitterness. But we readily pardon these defects, for with her main conclusion we agree. The conquest of English society by American heiresses and glorified German clerks is a fact to be deplored, as bad for the upper class, morally mentally and physically. There are, of course, foreign millionaires settled in this country, whom we gladly recognise as an addition to our national strength; but it is precisely they who would be the last to dispute the truth of Lady Sykes' general conclusions.

To deal first with the American woman. The number of American heiresses who have recently married peers or their relatives is really formidable. Now an heiress nearly always comes of an unhealthy or barren stock, else she would not be an heiress. As a rule an heiress is an only child. American fortunes are so gigantic that sometimes there is enough to make a millionaire brother and millionaire sister, or even two of the latter. But it will not be denied that American girls, whether from their climate, their diet, their habits, or the exciting, wearing life of their fathers, are not so strong and healthy as English girls. Their choice therefore by the best Englishmen as wives cannot, on physical grounds, be a matter of congratulation. With regard to the moral and mental constitution of the American woman, Lady Sykes pronounces her to be cold, calculating, and devoted to the pleasure of social excitement. Like all judgments of the kind, this is perhaps too sweeping, but who can deny that there is much truth in it? It does not require any very intimate knowledge of life in the United States to be aware that the father or husband is regarded by his womenkind as a mere machine for the production of dollars, to be squandered on dresses, diamonds, and visits to London and Paris. The calm way in which the American man is left at home while his wife and daughters are scattering thousands in European hotels must often have struck the observant. This sort of arrangement does not tend to stimulate the domestic affections, or to cultivate a sense of duty in any sphere. It inevitably makes women exacting, heartless, and sensual. The English girl of the upper class, with whom the American millionairess must be compared, is brought up in a well-ordered, old-established country home, where she has a variety of healthy interests, her brothers' sports, her father's politics, her neighbours and the poor. She likes London, to be sure, and dresses and dances, but in moderation; these are not her only interests, and she is quite capable of sitting still in a room. Substitute for the well-bred English girl the American heiress as the ruler of society, and the result must be the materialisation of the tone of society, the substitution of a restless craving for excitement, *coute que coute*, for the calm and comely ease of the great lady of the old school. The constant changing of gowns of fabulous cost, tearing about in the latest and most expensive motor-car, trapesing from one social function to another, dining by preference in a crowded restaurant,—such is the serious business of an American woman of wealth. And when one reflects that these are going to be the mothers of our future aristocrats, it is impossible not to share Lady Sykes' uneasiness.

The foreign financier does not appear in Mayfair until he is fairly advanced in years, and nearly always accompanied by a wife, so that the physical danger to the race is at least eliminated. But the harm that is done to "the well of English undefiled" by the foul tributaries from the Ghetto is almost immeasurable.

* Algernon Casterline. By J. A. C. Sykes. London: Bickers. 1903.

The vigour and purity of a language can only be preserved by the fashionable class, the class whom in matters social everybody imitates, speaking it well. But how can English be well spoken when some of the greatest ladies speak the idiom of Massachusetts through their noses, and a large proportion of the men cough the idiom of Frankfort from their throats? The constant babbling of broken English at dinner-tables and in drawing-rooms is becoming quite fatiguing, and as a result the English speak their tongue worse than it was ever spoken before. Everybody knows the temptation to speak a sort of baby pigeon-English to a foreigner, in the strange hope that it may be more intelligible to him. This and the slang taught us by the Yankees have reduced the English language, as spoken by smart people, to a base jargon. The corruption of the language is however the lightest crime that can be laid at the foreign financier's door. Lady Sykes draws a realistic and therefore revolting picture of the thrall in which Baron Wolfgang holds an English countess who cannot pay her bills. This of course is an old story. Fashionable women have in all ages sold themselves for the wherewithal to play the game. But in former days the paymaster was frequently one of her own class, or at least of her own nation. There is, we must admit, something peculiarly degrading in the spectacle of a Hebrew cashier from Hamburg taking my lady under his protection. These, of course, are extreme cases of depravity, and are not so common as novelists would have us believe. More widespread, because more subtle, is the demoralisation caused by the German financier's point of view. Having been brought up as a clerk in the severe discipline of a German counting-house, business is the breath of his nostrils: the ledger is his Bible: and rows of figures are his literature. In the West End he is regarded as a kind of wizard, for the methods of business are quite unintelligible to most Englishmen and women of the idle class. But Wolfgang brings the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange to the West End, where gambling is understood well enough, and gradually he inoculates his new friends with his own ideas of making money. It is impossible to blame Wolfgang: he acts after his kind: and by industry and self-denial and courageous speculation he has risen from the ranks. But that is not the point: let us grant Wolfgang such virtues as he undoubtedly has. The question is whether his society, whether his views and ideas, whether his profuse expenditure on sensual enjoyments, are a good or a bad influence in the English world of to-day. There can only be one answer. The invaders cannot really care a row of pins for the aims and destiny of England, however they may pretend. Which of our American peeresses or which of our alien financiers could appreciate that splendid speech of old Gaunt in "Richard II." beginning,

"This Royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle"?

We do not mean that they are not loyal in the sense of being willing to spend their money in, and, if necessary, for England. But old Gaunt's passion would leave them cold. We hear so much about a new law to drive poor aliens from the East End that it is well to remind ourselves that wealthy aliens in the West End are not an unmixed blessing.

THE ACADEMIC TEACHING OF ART.—II.

WHILE my first article on this subject was passing through the press Sir Edward Poynter was addressing the students of the Academy School as follows: "Some existing schools are undoubtedly, as regards their method of drawing, slovenly and inefficient, and it is and ought to be the aim of the Royal Academy to afford a lofty example for imitation. I am convinced that the instruction given at the Academy is as sound and as good as that which can be obtained in any school in Europe." But side by side with this paean came the odd comment upon it that "sweeping changes" had just been introduced, after long consideration, and that these changes were of an experimental character.

I have described the old state of affairs; on the

witness of the best qualified academicians themselves the system of "instruction" was futile. The President must therefore, in his confident challenge of Europe and offer of a lofty example for imitation, be speaking of the future. I have before me the new laws of the school. No "sweeping change" is visible here. There is still no fixed teacher of drawing, such as the Commission and all qualified authorities have demanded. All instruction is given by the monthly visitors.* The one change for the better that can be traced is that the old "Antique" class has been transformed into a class of drawing from the antique and the life. And what is evident is that the Academy School, not itself providing the necessary training, requires that it shall have been provided by the "slovenly and inefficient" outside schools before the pupil enters. The pupil is required, on entering, to execute a life-size painting of a head from life, a drawing of a figure from life, not less than two feet high, and a design in black and white, from a subject set by the Keeper. The Academy, therefore, requires its pupils to be already draughtsmen and painters, and relies upon the attracting power of its scholarships and other rewards to get hold of the most promising pupils from other schools, where the hard work has been done. We are not told whether the character of the drawings required from candidates for entrance remains unchanged. If that is so, the Academy continues to exercise an injurious effect on the whole teaching of the country, by requiring drawings that are laboriously "finished", before, in the proper sense, they are begun.

Let us now turn to those outside schools, with their "slovenly and inefficient" methods: in other words to the efforts that have been made to establish and carry on a true academic discipline, completely absent, so far, from the school of the Academy. I shall not attempt here to deal with the older tentatives, such as Haydon's, nor with all the modern, but consider only two. The first is the system which began as the Government School of Design at Somerset House, afterwards, under Sir Henry Cole, became the South Kensington system, and is now known as the Royal College of Art in London, with ramifications in the provinces. The School of Design was given its first shape by a man of first-rate faculties for the purpose, and for a few years had the services of a genius as teacher. The first of these was William Dyce. *Unable to obtain admission to the Academy School as a student, (he was afterwards, of course, an R.A.) he studied abroad † and was called on by the Government in 1840 to report on foreign schools and frame a system for our own.* He was unwilling, however, to give all his time to teaching, and resigned in 1843. In 1845 Alfred Stevens was offered a post in the School of Design, in his own words, "as Professor of Everything"—and not Professor only. He was an admirable teacher, but could not abide the interfering officials, "ignorant Government clerks", and resigned in 1847. But he established a tradition which in the hands of his pupils persisted for some time under Cole at Kensington. For the first time in England a truly classical discipline in drawing and design was introduced into the schools. Our one academic of genius was never in the Academy at all.

Then followed a débâcle at Kensington. The masculine drawing, modelling, and composition initiated by Stevens gave way to the obsession of pattern-making, under the contagion of Morris, to a training in "design" without any severe basis of drawing. The drawing taught assimilated itself to the Academy School's idea of what drawing should be. The school arranged itself as two mills, one for turning out drawing-masters to teach the same routine over again

* There is some popular confusion on the subject of the "professors" in the Academy School. Thus I have seen Mr. Clausen's appointment as Professor of Painting hailed as the sign of a new era. These professors are not teachers: they merely give a few lectures.

† Examined before the Commission Dyce said "I have frequently objected to the system of teaching by visitors. In my opinion it is more advisable to have a permanent teacher than visitors who give possibly conflicting advice. Even if the permanent teaching were of an inferior order, I think it would be more beneficial than the occasional advice of successive visitors". "Ordinary continuous teaching" he added, "is the best".

in the provinces, the other to turn out pattern-makers for the manufacturers. Besides these, the system, all over the country, has dealt with a vast population of casual amateurs, chiefly ladies, who at once maintain and choke schools of art.

It would take me too long here to discuss how far it is possible to teach "design". But the foundation of any such practice ought certainly to be discipline in drawing. Of the present drawing at Kensington I am unable to speak; the direction of design is in able hands, those of Mr. W. R. Lethaby. But it so happens that Kensington has been, once and again, the true school of modelling in England. First, the school there had the services of Dalou, a sculptor of talent, with results that are universally acknowledged.* It was his teaching, and not the Academy's, that gave the impulse to our contemporary sculptors. The same school now has the services of M. Lantéri, a modeller of extraordinary ability, and a teacher of the rarest powers.† Here, then, and not at the Academy, is our academic school of modelling.

For an example of the true academic school of drawing we must turn to the Slade School. Its first teacher was Mr. (now Sir Edward) Poynter, then comparatively fresh from his Parisian training. It is to his credit that he installed as his successor Mr. Legros.‡ With him the French tradition of training, which in this connexion means the academic, was definitely introduced in an English school of the first order. We need go no further than Mr. William Strang for an example of what such training will do for a pupil of talent. When Mr. Legros resigned, the chair happily fell to Mr. Brown, who had been working on the same lines at Westminster, and has in a high degree the qualities required in a teacher. He called in to his aid Mr. Henry Tonks, a man of like gifts, and the definite, continuous and reasonable training they have given has once more told in the work of pupils. I need mention only two; Mr. Augustus John and Mr. William Orpen. Mr. John is a draughtsman in a sense in which draughtsmen have been rare in the English school; a portrait of his, recently exhibited, illustrated not only the power of insight to express the fiery character of a sitter, but the splendid way in which that power had been disciplined and schooled. Nothing better, in English portrait, has been done since Millais. In the same exhibition was a little portrait by Mr. Orpen, which it would be hard to beat for minute precision of drawing: we should search the Academy exhibitions, in vain, for anything so good of its kind. I observed that the critics, almost with one voice, declared this exhibition disappointing! It contained, in addition, two landscapes comparable with Constable at his finest. Thus does the superstition against contemporaries prevail!

To return: in spite of the influence of the Academy, heavily exerted to wreck drawing and discourage proper teaching, and to promote a stupid stipple in place of drawing, the prospects of drawing, thanks to efforts outside, have seldom, in this country, been brighter. And it is only right, here, to do justice to the considerable influence exerted on students by two draughtsmen whose lead has done much to restore an interest in drawings as distinguished from paintings: I mean Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. W. Rothenstein. In the matter of exhibition as of teaching the Academy is dead against drawing as it ought to be. It is one of the rules of its exhibition that no drawing may be exhibited "without a background", a rule that would exclude the drawings of Holbein and all the masters. The men I have named have brought it about that in exhibitions outside of the

Academy the drawing has taken its proper place, on its own merits, alongside of paintings.

It is one of the things for which we cannot be too thankful, that our national collection of drawings is unlike our national collection of paintings, untouched by the fatal influence of the Academy. The director of the department of Prints and Drawings is an impartial and enlightened scholar. We therefore find that among the national drawings and prints those masters are carefully sought for who have been studiously ignored by the Academy. Cotman, Stevens, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Legros, Whistler, Keene find their rightful place at the British Museum as well as the few Academicians, like Millais and Leighton, who have deserved a place by their side. And the younger men whom I have mentioned are honoured by the invitation to be represented there, since by the rules they cannot, as living men, be purchased. What we have to fight for is that the direction of the National Gallery of British Art be absolutely dissociated from the Academy, so that its director may veto the inclusion of unfit Chantrey pictures. If this check should be insufficient it will be necessary to take legal and Parliamentary action to have the direction of the Chantrey bequest itself taken out of unworthy hands and placed in those of an impartial director. The Academy, with its sectional policy, and its mean standards of exhibition and teaching, would then be put in its proper place.

I must leave over for a future article the subject of certain endowments which are applied to the reward of Academy students.

D. S. MACCOLL.

WHAT IS A CRITIC?

IT has been admirably remarked by a justly celebrated author, whose name I unfortunately have forgotten, that it is both painful and difficult for a man to eat his own head. In recent numbers of a Paris paper (the "Weekly Critical Review") Mr. Ernest Newman has attempted the task; and, figuratively speaking, he may almost be said to have accomplished it. In his first article he tries to prove the critic to be superior to the creative artist; in his second he triumphantly demonstrates that Berlioz, of all men, was, presumably in his sense of the word, a fine critic. (The reader must excuse the frequent mention of Berlioz. I am not at all afflicted with the malady known as King Charles' head; but one is naturally tempted to speak a good deal of Berlioz in a year, the centenary of his birth, when the lively entrepreneur is trying to turn an honest penny by Berlioz concerts and many people are talking of him.) The artist, Mr. Newman tells us, is naturally, inevitably, limited to his one art; the critic is a man of inquiring mind who surveys and searches into all the facts of life with equal interest. Hence the artist is biased; hence also the critic is not likely to be biased. The artist may make mistakes; the critic is less likely to be mistaken. The artist's views are merely a nervous reaction; those of the critic are the fruit of a placid philosophical or psychological inquiry. Mr. Newman even goes so far as to deplore the fact that many critics do not criticise, but only give expression to their own physiological nature—when they write down the Requiem of Brahms as dull and feeble they write not Brahms' epitaph, but their own. This statement of the case is both adroit and maladroit. I hold it to be true that all good criticism is purely an expression of the critic's nature; but I emphatically deny that because I find Brahms' Requiem dull—not feeble—I myself am dull: whether I am or am not dull has to be discovered in another way. A dog would rather go rat-catching than hear a Beethoven symphony; but is a man no higher than a dog if he prefers the Beethoven symphony to a novel of Marie Corelli, if he owns to his entire inability to read the terrible bombast of Hall Caine? But leaving this for the moment, let us finish with Berlioz. Here we shall see what Mr. Newman does with his own head.

Far from being a man of a widely inquiring spirit, no man was ever narrower than Berlioz, no man was ever more devoted not only to his art, which happened to be

* For example by Mr. Brock, in his speech at the Rodin banquet. After Dalou's appearance "we" (the English School), as he put it, "emerged".

† M. Lantéri's analytic gift is shown in his recent work on "Modelling" (2 vols. Chapman and Hall). The exposition and the carefully graduated examples of modelling in progress make up a guide to learners and teachers unexampled in clearness and grasp.

‡ The same, I believe, is true of Dalou's appointment at Kensington. These facts illustrate the power of the Academy to deaden and pervert any individual force that enters it. If Mr. Poynter, singly, at this time, had been given a free hand, he might have formed a school for the Academy.

music, but to a single part of that art, instrumentation. He tried to read himself into every piece of music he heard; he everlastingly searched or waited for new instrumental effects; and if he found them he praised the works, and if he did not, he dismissed the works as of no account. He found them in Meyerbeer, and accordingly lauded Meyerbeer in terms that might be justly applied to Wagner, Beethoven or Bach; he did not find them in Wagner—who was too fully occupied with the dramatic truth and intrinsic stuff of his music to think much about them—and we have the famous *non credo*—which only made people say. What on earth is Berlioz after now? I may remark in passing that I think very little of the Wagner episode: it is a poor critic who never makes a mistake: it is not the business of the critic always to be right, like political orators, but only to be true to himself. The best critics have made mistakes: the only critics who never make one are those who sit piously on the hedge until a man makes a name, and then rush in and "discover" him (see the "British Weekly" passim). I have no desire to discuss this question nor to repeat my recent articles, but I certainly want to point out that Berlioz was not, in Mr. Newman's sense of the word, a critic. In the examples he gives us of Berlioz's literary work we find only "instrumentation, instrumentation, instrumentation", varied by certain general remarks expressed with cheap smartness. It may be that Berlioz was a born author, or at any rate journalist, from his cradle; but it is quite certain that he never in his life wrote a noble, disinterested sentence. Let anyone who doubts this examine his volumes, published long since. He will find banalities blended with the flashy French wit of the 'forties and 'fifties, and a few decidedly clever remarks on the art of writing for the orchestra; but beyond these, nothing. Was Flaubert indeed filled with admiration for his "*Mémoires*"? I doubt it. Probably Flaubert was astonished to find a musician who could write at all. Dr. Johnson said of a woman preaching that it was like a dog walking on its hind legs: "It is not done well, sir, but one is surprised to find it done at all." Anyhow, this is not to the point. Here is Mr. Newman first giving us a definition of a critic, and then biting off his own head by holding up Berlioz as a good critic. Berlioz, who would have flatly denied every one of his axioms, postulates, problems and theorems. So, for the second time, I dismiss Berlioz the critic; but first I beg anyone interested in the matter to read the Berlioz volumes—ages ago they were translated, and they may still be had second-hand or at the libraries—and then to consider a single criticism of the painter Ingres. Gounod in his Autobiography tells the story. He played on the piano something out of Lully's heaven-knows-what. "But" said Ingres, "this is not music: it is like iron". And when le feu M. Berlioz comes back to earth and utters a single phrase like that—true in a finer sense than Ingres dreamed—then it will be time to consider him seriously as a critic.

But, as the title of this article may convey to the uninitiated, my purpose is not to discuss Berlioz, save incidentally, but to ask What is a Critic? The easiest answer is. A perfect public nuisance. With this I am in entire agreement. The average paid critic is nothing else than a nuisance. Before I gave up the ridiculous habit of going, or trying to go, to every concert given in London during, say, the month of May, I was eternally plagued by a gentleman who sat in front of me. Before the beginning of the concert he had written half his notice; before the concert was half finished he had written the whole of it; and if occasionally he came to grief by mentioning pieces that had not been played or artists who had not appeared, what did it matter? Even now, I believe, this gentleman continues his practices. Another gentleman used formerly to collect advertisements for his journal from watchmakers. His journal changed its manners, and the question arose, what to do with the collector of advertisements. The answer was simple: he was made musical critic; and musical critic he remains to this day. Now, I ask, quite seriously, whether it is these gentlemen that Mr. Newman condemns because they simply express themselves, simply say "I am I", when they write their para-

graphs? If these are not the critics predestined to be criticised by one Mr. Ernest Newman, then his meaning lies beyond my comprehension. I seek vainly these "inquirers" who are not biased because they know nothing of the art they criticise. There are plenty who know nothing of the art, but they are as much biased as the others who know something of it. I turn to Mr. Newman's other definitions. He tells us that the critic is a policeman who directs the artists on their way, that a bald-headed man may say that someone's hair is or is not good, that a man may declare an egg bad although he cannot lay eggs himself. The egg question is one for egg-sellers—not for me; but the bald-headed question is another matter. Unluckily I am not yet bald; but must I wait a certain term of years before I dare say that a lady's hair is or is not beautiful? I think I know now as well as ever I shall know. But if we consider Mr. Newman's argument carefully, we shall see that it is only because a man is bald that he can judge the hair of others. Only those who are not artists can judge artists. Dr. Johnson's "He who drives fat oxen must himself be fat" is nothing to this: Dr. Johnson knew quite well that, speaking figuratively, a lean man could drive fat oxen: he did not say that a fat man could not: he did not even say that a fat ox could not. But Mr. Newman's most (unconsciously) comical trope is that of the policeman. The policeman is placed at a certain point by society; when he says "To the right" or "To the left" he is merely acting in obedience to certain laws of society. Who placed the critic at the corner of a street to arrange things? The policeman can direct a fat old lady to Exeter Hall; but how does the critic know that a composer wants to go to Exeter Hall? He may want to go, on the contrary, to Newton Hall. There are no laws known to the critic which the artist is bound to obey: such laws as there are, the artist has divined long ago, and the critic has merely learnt them from the artist. Of all the definitions of a critic I have ever heard this of the policeman is the most humiliating.

In flat contradiction to all that Mr. Newman has said I declare that the only business of the critic is to express himself, for only in this way can he say anything of value to the public or to the artist. Further, there has never been a critic of the slightest use to humanity who was not himself, first and above all, an artist. The inquirers into the facts of life have nothing to do with art. They are scientists and should leave art alone. When they meddle with it they simply stultify themselves. Take Mr. Karl Pearson, for instance. He is undoubtedly an admirable critic of science. But when he once meddled with matters artistic (see his "Grammar of Science") he revealed the sad truth that he so much misunderstood art that he placed Faraday higher amongst the novelists than (I believe) George Eliot. I do not think much of George Eliot, but I find this statement terrible for Faraday. In life there are many provinces, and it is merely idiotic to say that because a man knows one province well he therefore is the best judge of all the others.

But this is more or less a futile discussion. Mr. Newman's ideal critic, the calm inquirer, is to me a detestable animal who ought to leave music, and indeed all the arts, alone and go into some respectable trade. Artists loathe him because they feel him to be no artist. I do not go so far as to say that only artists have the right to criticise artists—for every man has the right to do as he pleases, even to make himself ridiculous—but I assert that the only valuable criticism is that which comes from an artist. At one time I took up the cudgels and did battle for the literary men who gave their impressions of music in decent prose; for I preferred, and still prefer, that to the miserable drivel which appears weekly in, say, "Musical News"—stuff so feeble, nerveless, that I am convinced it is written by musical doctors. But what is wanted for a musical critic is, first, a thorough musician, a man who is educated, has read, can write, has enough imagination, and dares to say bluntly what he has experienced. The criticism of such men is worth reading; but as for the other stuff the less we have of it the better.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

GIORGIONE AT CASTELFRANCO.

I WENT to seek a many-coloured soul,
But here all colours burn into one white
And are invisible as light ;
I sought the parts, and I have found the whole
In this calm, secretless,
Passionate, meditative, and austere
Refusal of perfection to appear
More like perfection, clothed in some excess.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A PLAY, AND TWO ENTERTAINMENTS.

Nearly always, when a man writes his first play, the mischief is that he does not try to be himself. His technique may be already so sound that he could do the trick quite well. But he does not, in his diffidence, attempt it. Sometimes, of course, our neophyte has no self to be. But now and again our neophyte is one who, in some other art-form, has established his claim to a quite definite and delightful self ; and we, looking vainly for it here, rightly grumble. The theatre seems to have the same terrorising power over neophytes as has the House of Commons. A man of European reputation for something or other, deigning to honour S. Stephen's by his advent, tries to efface himself at the outset. He takes the oath and his seat, and everything else he basely surrenders. His maiden speech will be a faint effort to acquire that dreariest and nullest thing which is called "the House of Commons manner." In recent years there has been but one exception. Mr. Keir Hardie tried to enter Palace Yard in an open van, bright with bunting and tuneful with trombones. He wanted to be himself. He was right. The means he chose was not the right means ; for he has in him (as you will acknowledge, if you have listened to his speeches) a strain of poetry and dreaminess. The van suggested mere blatancy, and so he began by being misunderstood. But if his means had been quite appropriate, he would have been not less keenly resented. The House of Commons demands uniform mediocrity of its neophytes, hating the notion that anything remarkable can be developed elsewhere. Thus its neophytes may plead an excuse for their shrinking behaviour. That excuse, however, cannot be pleaded by the neophytes of the theatre. Theatrical audiences will always welcome the kind of work that is familiar to them, if it be well done. But they have no sacred prejudice against new work. A great portion of them is always agog for new work—for the revelation of a new personality in drama.

Especially were we agog the other night, at the Avenue Theatre, for the production of "All Fletcher's Fault". This was a first play, written by a man of definite and delightful personality. For a long time we have known Mr. Mostyn Pigott's verses, known him as an always witty and caustic observer of life, as one with a power for hitting (not the less surely because rollickingly) the right nail on the head. Presumably his play would be in prose. That was a pity. A humourist with a mastery of versification, like Mr. Pigott, depends so much on actual metre and rhyme. Translate (for example) a Gilbertian opera into prose, and you will find that, though plenty of fun remains, plenty of fun has vanished. So much consists in the technical twists and flourishes. One wished, therefore, that Mr. Pigott had dared tradition by writing a modern comedy in rhyme—why not? In prose, however, he might still be delightfully himself. That keen and fearless eye of his, surveying life and character, with a constant twinkle and an occasional flash . . . surely a new note in comedy was to be struck for us. Alas, we must wait for Mr. Pigott's next play. This one, I fancy, will be commercially a success, and will encourage Mr. Pigott to write another very soon. The sooner the better; for he will, I am sure, be more daring at a second venture. He will not

be indebted to Charles Reade for the foundation of his story, and he will clutch by the way at nothing from "A Message from Mars". That play, even for a sophisticated audience, was well enough; for Mr. Ganthony was so evidently an unsophisticated sentimentalist who really and truly believed in it all; and the sincerity was touching, ingratiating. But we know that Mr. Pigott is not such a simple soul as to believe in the similar sentiment of "All Fletcher's Fault". He, the sane, the acute mocker! And a man with a tear in his eye and a laugh in his sleeve ministers not at all to our enjoyment : we can neither weep with him nor join in the laugh. However, "we", sophisticated persons who go to first nights, are not a typical audience. I fancy that from those very unsophisticated others, who form the bulk of the play-going public, the sentiment of Mr. Pigott's play will wring any number of salt tears. The Earl of Liss, doing good by stealth in Covent Garden Market, and falsely suspected by Lady Lilian Lexborough, whom he loves, of doing harm, when she finds him in the centre of a dancing ring of old comrades who have just emerged from the Covent Garden Ball, and by her reproached harshly and left alone to order a cup of coffee at the coffee-stall and to turn up the collar of his jacket in the approved manner of men stricken on the stage by Fate, is a figure nightly much wept-over at the Avenue, I am sure, and destined to be much wept-over there for many nights to come. I look into the far future, spreading my vision over the provinces and the colonies, and there I see clearly several Lord Lisses, still being much wept-over. I see, too, Mr. Mostyn Pigott blushing over the receipts, with the blush of one who, having duly "found" and revealed himself in the art of play-writing, would rather not be reminded of his past.

It is a pity that Mr. Pigott, instead of writing his play round Lord Liss, did not write it round Mr. Harold Harringay, a really fresh and delightful invention—a hedonist-dosser, who contrives to win an unbroken "series of exquisite moments" from the sordid conditions which life has imposed on him. He, having picked up a ticket for the Covent Garden ball, passes through unchallenged by the attendants, and in the course of the evening wins a prize for his wonderfully realistic costume. This prize, consisting of a pair of silver fish-carvers, is ever after his one crumpled rose-leaf. He cannot pawn it, for no pawnbroker will believe that he has not stolen it. Lord Liss, on whom he presses it as a gift, will not hear of accepting it. The whole episode, more elaborately treated, might well have been made the basis of the play. Harringay is certainly Mr. Pigott's trump-card. And his impersonator, Mr. C. W. Somerset, made the hit of the evening, playing with an admirably fruity and fantastic humour. Mrs. Maesmore Morris, as a flower-girl, and Miss Beryl Faber, as the aforesaid Lady Lilian Lexborough, were both too nervous, on the first night, to do themselves justice. Mr. James Erskine, as Lord Liss, had never played better. But his method is still that of private life rather than that of the stage. I am all for realism in acting; and perhaps you will say that as Mr. Erskine is an Earl in private life, I ought to be perfectly satisfied by him as an Earl on the stage. But the real thing does not necessarily mean realism. Take the case of horses. When real horses come on the stage, they do not seem at all like real horses elsewhere. They have the air of being huge extinct monsters, and their hoofs sound queerly on the wooden boards. There is a similar danger in real Earls. However, Mr. Erskine's was a very pleasant performance, and, technically, a marked advance on anything he had done before.

Children would have been as good an analogy as horses. On the stage they create for us no illusion of childhood—none, at least, when they are there to do more than merely romp round in a chorus. There you have my objection to two Christmas entertainments that I have seen—"Alice through the Looking Glass", at the New Theatre, and Mr. Philip Carr's "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men", at the Court Theatre. In both an important part is played by a little girl, aged seven or so—in the one, Alice herself; in the other, the Fairy Queen. Poor little things, so

over-weighted and self-conscious, gasping and piping, and making so obediently the little automatic gestures that have been drilled into them! Pretty little dears, doubtless, both of them, and apparently sources of great pleasure to the adult audience. Legitimate pleasure? Hardly, I think. It is the pleasure of pity—the pleasure of being sorry for creatures set to perform a task that they cannot accomplish, and cannot even essay painlessly. It is the same pleasure that is derived from the sight of performing dogs. How any real lover of dogs or of children can but be repelled by such exhibitions is a problem which I don't pretend to solve. Quite apart from the moral aspect, it is aesthetically absurd that a leading part should be taken by a child. The play loses all its brightness and "go", through the child's invariable incompetence. There is no lack of young actresses who can, at a pinch, impersonate children. They should be requisitioned. "Snowdrop" has over "Alice" the advantage that the title-part is of an adult, played by an adult. It has another advantage: its characters are not, as are Lewis Carroll's by Tenniel's illustrations, fixed for us into an ideal convention, from which any departure shocks us. Moreover, the adaptation of "Alice", though it is the peg for a cheerful entertainment, is artistically a crude piece of work; whereas Mr. Philip Carr's "Snowdrop" is prettily and ingeniously wrought from the original Grimm.

MAX BEERBOHM.

"LA FIGLIA DI JONIO."

IN "La Figlia di Jonio", in which Duse is shortly to appear in London, d'Annunzio returns whence he came. The creator of the "Canto Novo", "Terra Vergine" and the "Novelle della Pescara" goes back once more to the semi-barbarous scenes of his own early youth, the wild and primitive peasants of the Abruzzo on the shores of the Adriatic. D'Annunzio, by nature a pagan, springs from a pagan race; a race which has never, all through the long centuries, lost hold on its old inheritance of pre-Roman Samnite tradition. So with d'Annunzio himself. From the "Piacere" to the "Trionfo della Morte" and from that to the "Vergini delle rocce" there is a continual progress from a youthful realism towards the perfection of a high ideal of beauty. And again from this latter, from these spiritual aspirations, multicoloured, delicate, intangible, as the play of light in a crystal ball, there is a consistent evolution through the "Poema paradisiaco" towards the great tragedies. From the "Città Morta", that dark reflexion of the great Aeschylean tragedy, from the "Gioconda" and "Francesca", d'Annunzio returns to the roots whence his art sprang. The harmonious form, the melodious speech, redoubling the beauty of the Italian language, are now moulded to the rough, bare scenery of the Abruzzo, to the primitive, hardy character of its people.

A few years ago at Venice in one of the international exhibitions there was a picture by F. P. Michetti a fellow-citizen and friend of d'Annunzio. The subject represented an Abruzzo peasant woman, fleeing with swift strides from her village, followed by the mocking laughter of a group of men seated by the roadside. In the background rose the snow-covered mountain "Maiella". To this picture called "La Figlia di Jonio" d'Annunzio has now given words.

The story is as simple as it is tragic. The daughter of Jonio, a peasant girl, has from her father the dark inheritance of the secrets of poison herbs. She has a lover, and when this is found out she is cursed and driven away from her village by a jeering crowd of men. Pursued by them across the mountains, she seeks and obtains refuge in the hut of Alizi, a shepherd, who is holding his wedding feast with the bride his mother has chosen. The pursuers arrive at the door of the hut and savagely demand the woman. Alizi's mother, sisters and his bride try to persuade him to give her up but he, already inflamed with love, raises a crucifix and the crowd fall back. In that moment Alizi's old father, badly hurt in the fray, is brought in. He also has fallen under the love-spell of the enchantress.

In the second act Alizi, overcome by his passion, has left his home and wife to follow the daughter of Jonio. Alone in the mountains together this new love purifies the woman and she wishes to expiate the sins of her life and to return, sacrificing herself, and giving back Alizi to his own people. But the old father, still madly desiring the girl, comes to command his son to give her up to him. Alizi refuses, and in a terrible scene kills his father. He is then condemned, as a parricide, to have his hands cut off, and, tied in a sack with a mad dog, to be thrown into the river. The people, already half-drunk with the lust of blood are in the act of carrying out the punishment when the daughter of Jonio appears in their midst. Calm and beautiful she proclaims in a clear and ringing voice, that she, not Alizi, killed the old man, and that she by her magic arts has blinded her lover, making him believe himself a parricide. The crowd, content to think their comrade innocent, turn on the woman and mad now with a different madness they take her away in triumph to be burnt alive. No one pities, no one tries to protect her. Even Alizi only sees in her the wicked woman who has wrought him so much harm.

This is the outline of d'Annunzio's new play, the play which Duse when leaving London promised to bring back with her before long. Its secret has been jealously guarded in Rome. Here in England there is no danger of a réclame on such a subject and I feel justified in telling what I know of this drama of the Abruzzo—its dark superstitions, and primeval, blood-thirsty, brute instincts which have their roots in the depths of prehistoric age.

ANTONIO CIPPICO.

THE SEABIRDS' SOLITUDE.

IT is a barren island of the north and the birds are all sea-birds. Gulls mostly: as one walks from shore to shore, through the coarse, waving grass—eternally waving—or over the close, brown, stunted heather, it is beneath a floating, living canopy of them, a great, perpetual canopy that accompanies and shrieks down upon one at every step. The noise is deafening and would be unendurable were it under any roof but that of heaven. Going forth into the immensity of this it sounds almost softly, harsh as it is, and even its highest, most distressful notes sink peacefully, at last, into the universal murmur of the sea, making the treble to the bass of its lullaby. There is one note, or syllable—namely "ow"—into which, though infinitely varied and worked upon, most of the cries seem to resolve themselves. It is a language the root of every word of which is "ow", a tapestry, rich in colour scene and pattern, all stitched—or shrieked—in the one thread of "ow". Commonest, perhaps, is a series of such sounds, disjoined but each the echo of the last, so that when the last has really sounded, the memory hears but one. Then a simple compound of the great "main theme"—ōw-ōw, ōw-ōw, ōw-ōw—sadly prolonged and most disconsolately upturned on the last sad note—a dirge, a wail in "ow". Then again a wail, intoned a little differently, but as mournful as the other. And now a laugh—discordant, mirthless, but still a laugh, if anything, and with even a chuckle in it—"ow, ow, ow, ow, ow", the syllables huddling one another like the "petit glou, glou" of water out of a bottle. And so it continues, all "ow" or variants of "ow" till the great black-backed, swooping upon you amidst the cloud of his lesser relatives, almost like the great, fierce skua, breaks the spell with a "gugga, gugga, gugga" or, when right over your head, says "er"—a single "er"—with a stress, a feeling that amounts almost to solemnity. How lonely is this island—and yet how populous! I have often tried to arrive at a conclusion as to whether life, other than human life, around one, in any way diminishes the sense of solitude. For my own part I do not think it does, except by human association, to get which one must generally have human surroundings. Thus woodland birds seem homely and companionable in woods near which one has a home, and gulls upon the roofs of houses take the place of pigeons or poultry in the asso-

ciations which they arouse. So, too, when, however wild or lonely the locality, either the shortness of the time one is in it, or the natural alacrity of one's spirits, does not allow of that dead, void feeling which prolonged solitude is apt to bring—*experto crede*—even to the most solitary, then, the wildest creatures, acting most in character, may seem to cheer us with their presence. But the feeling is, in my opinion, a false one, dependent on these very conditions, and treacherously forsaking us, even to the extent of making what seemed a relief an accentuation, when they fail. How often as I have wandered over this little, noisy, thickly-crowded retreat has all the fellowship around me, served but to remind me of my own exclusion from it—as from that of fairies, ghosts, elementals—whereas the mere sight of peat-hewers, now and again, or the homely sound of their voices, would have given me as much of general human intercourse as my soul is accustomed to sigh for. But what all this life could not do, the cheerful firelight on the bare stone walls of the solitary shepherd's hut did, at once, for me, and with bacon in the frying-pan, the place was as full as I wanted it. A dog—one's own or that knew one—might do more by its own personality than such inanimate objects by association merely, but no other non-human creature—at least no indifferent one—could, I believe, do as much, or, indeed, anything. With the gulls, however, there is more than mere indifference. It is a disagreeable reflection that all these many souls—these beings everywhere about you—resent your presence and wish you away, that every one of the discordant notes uttered has a distinct and very unflattering reference to yourself, upbraids you, almost calls you a name. At first you do not properly realise this; when you do you may not, for some time, care, but gradually the sense of it sinks into your soul, oppresses and depresses you. No wonder, for are not you one lonely being here, hated—and rightly hated—by thousands of other ones? Man's callousness, in this respect, has often struck me as strange—that he should see his presence affect bird and beast as that of the most odious tyrant affects his fellow-men, yet never sleep, or eat a meal, the less comfortably for it! So it is, indeed—and the principle holds good as between races and classes of men—when one has one's fellow-tyrants to laugh and joke and chat with, but here, with but oneself and one's own thoughts, the hostility of these gulls begins to trouble one. There is no one to share in the obloquy. It falls upon one pair of shoulders—your own. You—just you yourself—are the most unpopular person in the island.

There is another odd sensation which this solitude combined with multitude may give rise to. Gradually, as the days go on, it seems more and more as though the gulls made all the world, a feeling which may be encouraged—for the sake of its newness—by your seeking out some spot, from which the sight of all but them and inanimate nature is, with extra rigour, shut out. The centre of the island, which is the gulls' especial sanctuary, presents these conditions. It forms an extended grassy basin, ringed in with low, swelling peat-hills, above which—for the intervening space is invisible—rise the tops of hills far higher, belonging to islands of some size which lie spread about this little one, hiding it from all the world. Through dips in these and in the rim of one's own brown basin, one gets the sea—dull, cold, grey lakes of it, engirt by dimmer islands, far away. No human sight in it all, no sail for hours, upon the sea—only the gulls, which, in their thousands and their all-possession, seem to have subdued the world. Men are gone, and gulls, now, take their place, become ennobled for want of a superior. Like snowy-toga'd Roman senators they stand grouped about, or walk over the grassy amphitheatre, their natural senate-house, and it is wonderful with how slight an effort of the imagination the dissonant cries and shrieks, the clang and the jangle, seem changed to statesmanlike speeches and eloquent oratory. Yet one has sat and listened, spell-bound, in the House, which, as one might suppose, should make the illusion impossible. But it does not; "such tricks has strong imagination". Of course in thus fancifully taking down man from his pedestal and setting up a

bird there instead, one should contrive to forget oneself. But that, in these altruistic days, presents no difficulty.

It is curious how the gulls cling to their breeding-places long after the breeding is over. Summer perhaps is fast waning, yet in the way they stand amidst the heather, rise as you approach and float, shrieking, above you, all the while you walk, it is just as it was in early June, when things were hardly more than beginning. Anyone not knowing the time of the year might expect, from the birds' actions, and the general appearance of the whole community, to find eggs and newly-hatched chicks all about; but all are gone, and the nests now hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding heather. A few young birds there are, but they are of large size, though unable as yet—or scarcely able—to fly. It is the habit of these when approached, to crouch and lie flat along the ground, without making any attempt to escape, even allowing themselves to be stroked and taken up in the hand. When set down again, however, they generally start off running and often get to a great distance before they stop. Young terns and young peewits do exactly the same thing, and it is curious that in their manner of thus crouching, before the power of flight has been fully gained, they exactly resemble the stone-curlew, in which bird the habit is permanent. As no adult gull or peewit crouches in this way we must suppose either that natural selection has infixed a certain habit in the young bird, suited to its flightless condition, or that, in thus acting, it reverts to a trick of its ancestors, which were presumably, flightless through life. The clinging of the stone-curlew to the early habit seems to support the latter supposition, but then, of course, we have other birds and general probabilities to reckon with. Yet it seems odd that a creature able to fly should think it worth while to crouch, and though many birds crouch that can also fly they are all, I think, either more or less ground-loving species, or else, as in the cases here mentioned, give up the one habit when they have acquired the other. Though probably birds that now both run swiftly and fly fairly well—as do bustards and pheasants—are descended from such as flew better and were much less terrestrial in their habits, yet it seems possible that there may have been an intermediate period in which the power, or, at least, the habit of flight was almost lost, and then gradually reacquired. To this general state, if it existed, the crouching habit may be due, and not to the occasional advantage of crouching, as compared with flying. As long as the latter power remained highly developed and was continually practised, it seems unlikely that escape from enemies should have been sought otherwise than through its agency.

But where have the majority of the young gulls gone? That they have left the island seems evident, for were it otherwise, they would either be all about the heather, or fill the air more numerously than do the mature birds when they cluster above you as you walk. In the air, however, none are to be seen, though, as by far the greater number must now be full fledged, it is there, in such circumstances, that one might expect them to be. On the ground there are, as I say, a few that seem to have been later hatched, and are not yet matriculated in flight. Their proportion, however, is hardly more than one to a hundred of the grown gulls, whereas since every pair of these rears three young, it should be as three to two. It is a general law, I believe, to which Gilbert White has drawn attention, that young birds are driven away by their parents when they are no longer dependent upon the latter's attentions, but can feed, and look after themselves. I have seen what appeared to be such a process in most vigorous operation amongst moorhens, but I think that, with social birds, this law of expulsion is apt to merge in a larger one, that namely which is expressed in the old adage that "birds of a feather flock together". We often see this illustrated in the case of the sexes, and that the same principle governs the motions of young and old birds, becomes evident if one watches kittiwakes, at the close of the breeding-season. Here there seems little or no hostility on the part of the parents, but the

young, which are now distinguished by a different colouration both of plumage and bill, making them look like another and quite mature species, delight to associate together, so that both the rocks and the water become the scene of tolerably large gatherings of them, at which hardly an old bird is present. As the parents of all such assemblies are now free from the cares of domesticity, it seems as though the reason for this segregation must be of a psychical nature, since one can hardly suppose that the dissimilarity of plumage has anything to do with it, seeing that young and old are as familiar with one another's appearance as with their own. It is the same thing, no doubt, with the gulls on this island, but as the whole interior, or rather, the crown of it, is little else than their nesting-ground, it would be difficult for the younger generation to foregather without the constraining presence of the elder one. The inconveniences of this may be imagined. Not a remark but would be overheard, not a side-glance but would be supervised and harshly interpreted, not a giggle that would pass unproven. In these irritating circumstances, apparently, the young people have migrated en masse—a striking proof that, with birds no less than with ourselves,

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."

EDMUND SELOUS.

THE CITY.

THE reports and balance-sheets of the Tanganyika Concessions and the Zambesia Exploring Company present a striking example of what is sometimes called "in-and-out finance". It being illegal for a company to buy or sell its own shares, the Zambesia Exploring Company apparently exists for the purpose of selling Tanganyika shares and lending the proceeds to the Tanganyika Concessions when that company is in need of funds, these loans to be repaid by the issue of new shares to the Zambesia Exploring at the price at which the old shares were sold. The two companies have the same directors, are interested in the same big schemes in Central Africa, and the whole story is plainly told to the shareholders. Nor is it the fault of the Tanganyika Concessions that it is in difficulty, for its embarrassment arises from the failure of an underwriter, who had agreed to provide £2,500,000 for the purchase of a concession, to fulfil his agreement. There is therefore nothing wrong in the transaction; but this system of finance is liable to abuse, for the obvious reason that lender and borrower are the same person. Indeed it was precisely this system of financing one another, and bandying one another's securities back and forwards, that led to the failure of the London and Globe and British and American Corporations. The Benguella Concession must be of great value, for Mr. Robert Williams, the managing director of the two companies, proposes to sell it to them for £300,000 in cash and 600,000 shares in a new company which was to be formed, and will be, when times improve. We quite believe that the copper deposits in the Katanga district of the Congo State are large and valuable, and we have no doubt that the railway concession in Portuguese West Africa, starting from Lobito Bay, passes through a mineral-rich country. This railway when made will bring equatorial Africa, and more particularly the Tanganyika district, within reach of civilisation. The reports from the engineers who have visited the properties are glowing. We never quite understood what made Tanganyikas soar from £2 to £26, and then drop almost as suddenly to £4. Obviously it was the failure of Mr. Leyland to find that £2,500,000 for the making of the railway and the development of Portuguese West Africa.

The sanguine speculators and the frozen-out brokers who anticipated that the passing of the purely arbitrary line between one year and another would bring better markets are again doomed to disappointment. There is of course no sound reason why prices should rise the week after Christmas any more than the week before. Still "hope springs eternal" in Throgmorton Street; and it was industriously put about that prices

in the Kaffir market were being kept down by the magnates in order to allow the usual end of the year options to expire. And there was some truth in this, and had it not been for the imminence of war between Russia and Japan, doubtless prices would already have begun to harden. For the debate on Chinese labour in the Transvaal Legislative Council has been a triumph for Sir George Farrar and the Attorney-General. The opponents of Asiatic importation made a very poor show, and the discomfiture of the late Commissioner of Mines (who, it appears, was dismissed for incompetence) was complete. Indeed it is a question between Chinese and bankruptcy for the Transvaal, and no one really doubted that the inevitable Chinaman would be accepted. But the fear of war, much more than the reality, paralyses the City, even though it is likely that if war should break out, it will be confined to Russia and Japan, and that neither France, Germany, Great Britain, nor the United States has any intention of being drawn in. On the declaration of war, should such a calamity occur, prices would probably rise all round, except of course in the case of Russian and Japanese bonds. But war or no war, we do not look for anything like a boom at present, in any market. Consols and gilt-edged securities are still weighed down by the huge blocks of stock in the hands of dealers, and the outlook for the banks, should the depreciation of Consols continue, is serious. Nothing but the slow absorption by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the investing public can cure this. Home rails will wait for better traffics, and Americans are in the hands of the professionals. Argentine rails will no doubt go ahead again, when things steady down, as the financial year of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company is over, and 5 per cent. on the ordinary and deferred a matter of fact, not speculation. Not even war can take away that dividend. When the first batch of Chinese have landed and proved a success, probably about the middle of February, Kaffirs will begin to rise, and carry with them Australians and West Africans.

LIFE ASSURANCE AS INVESTMENT.

WE have frequently urged the attractions of well-selected Life assurance as an investment from which an immediate income at a satisfactory rate of interest can be obtained with complete security and with the certainty that the money cannot depreciate in capital value. In nearly all forms of Life assurance the investment secures the payment of a sum greatly in excess of the total of the premiums paid in addition to the remunerative income provided by some kinds of policies. This Life assurance protection is a benefit of much value just as Fire insurance protection has a definite value even for the policy-holder who never has a fire. Life assurance protection costs the Life offices large sums for early claims, and the man who does not die soon has in this protection a benefit of commercial value even though he lives to an advanced age. It would be as sensible to deny the value of a ticket in a fair lottery, even though the holder loses, as to ignore the value and the cost of Life assurance protection.

Usually the best results from investment assurance can be obtained by taking separate contracts of two or more kinds from different offices, but occasionally a Life office publishes a policy which cannot be surpassed by any combination of policies in other companies.

Some time back we described the system of the Hand in Hand by which that society takes money practically on deposit, pays interest quarterly at the rate of £3 7s. 6d. per cent. per annum and repays the whole invested capital at death or previously. By buying a Life policy from one company and an annuity from another it is possible to obtain £3 12s 6d. per cent. or more, but if it is desired to realise the investment, the results are inferior to those under the Hand in Hand scheme.

The latest policy, frankly put forward as an investment yielding an immediate income, has been introduced by the Mutual of New York. The contract presents many attractions to wealthy people, and though it may be possible to obtain a slightly higher rate of

interest by combining policies and annuities in two or three different companies it is scarcely feasible to secure the precise benefits guaranteed by the Mutual of New York and in any case the advantages of dealing with only one office are appreciable.

Twenty "three and a half per cent. immediate interest-bearing bonds" for £500 each are given to the investor who pays £606 a year for twenty years. If he survives for twenty years he receives one bond for £500 each year. Interest at $\frac{3}{2}$ per cent. per annum is paid on each bond for twenty years at the end of which time the bond is redeemed at its face value of £500. The first bond is issued at the end of the first year and redeemed at the end of the twenty-first year from entry. The last bond is issued at the end of twenty years from entry and redeemed twenty years later.

Thus in the event of surviving for twenty years the investor receives altogether £10,000—the face value of the bonds—and £7,000 for interest, making a total of £17,000 in return for £12,120 paid to the company. The annual premium only varies to a small extent with the age of the investor.

There is moreover the further feature of Life assurance protection, since the contract provides that in the event of death in the first year the whole twenty bonds are issued at once, bear interest at $\frac{3}{2}$ per cent. for twenty years and are then redeemed at their face value. At death at any other time during the twenty years the balance of the unissued bonds are at once given to the investor's estate, and in every case each bond pays $\frac{3}{2}$ per cent. for twenty years and is paid off in full twenty years after issue.

This contract is in no way dependent on bonuses or future results: it is an absolute guarantee, and the guarantee of the Mutual of New York is as certain to be fulfilled as a Bank of England note is to be paid.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARLYLE AND THE COLONIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The following passage from Carlyle seems to be in point just now. In "Past and Present", Book iv., chapter 3, he says "Our little isle is grown too narrow for us; but the world is wide enough yet for another 6,000 years. England's sure markets will be among new colonies of Englishmen in all quarters of the globe. All men trade with all men when mutually convenient; and are even bound to do it by the Maker of men. Our friends of China, who guiltily refused to trade, in these circumstances—had we not to argue with them, in cannon-shot at last, and convince them that they ought to trade! 'Hostile Tariffs' will arise, to shut us out; and again will fall to let us in: but the sons of England, speakers of the English language were it nothing more, will in all times have the ineradicable predisposition to trade with England. Mycale was the Pan-Ionian rendezvous of all the tribes of Ion for old Greece: why should not London long continue the all-Saxon home, rendezvous of all the 'Children of the Harz-rock', arriving in select samples, from the Antipodes and elsewhere, by steam and otherwise, to the 'season' here? What a future; wide as the world, if we have the heart and heroism for it,—which, by heaven's blessing, we shall".

Faithfully yours,

FREDK STEWART.

CHICAGO J.P.'s.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 Ceris Road, Kingston-on-Thames,

26 December, 1903.

SIR,—I beg to enclose an extract which I think you will consider of interest enough to publish from a letter from an American friend of good position in Chicago. His statements of facts may entirely be relied upon.

I am, yours truly,

LEWIN HILL.

"As you are a J.P. you may be interested to learn something of the Chicago Justices of the Peace. There

are fifty of them in this city, chosen by the Judges of the Courts of Record of the county, and appointed by the governor for a term of four years. For every case brought before them, they receive a fee from the losing party. As suits may be begun before any one of them, where the defendant resides in Chicago, every lawyer or law firm having Justice Court business has his own justice, the understanding being that so long as the decisions are satisfactory to the lawyer his business will be done there, otherwise it will go elsewhere. When one is sued in a Justice Court, unless the defendant can find a lawyer having more business before the particular Justice than the plaintiff's attorney, his defeat is a foregone conclusion. Fortunately by paying ten dollars one can appeal to the Courts of Record. The business of bringing suits for very small amounts (amounts which many prefer to pay rather than go to the expense of appeal) is a flourishing one. Many J.P.'s sign blank summonses and give them to their patrons, so that it is not necessary to docket a case or give any intimation of the nature of the suit until a few moments before trial. I have several times been sued for claims that had no colour of right in them, and have heard nothing further from them after appeal was perfected. In spite of the iniquitous system there are some ten or eleven J.P.'s who are impartial in their decisions".

MR. MORLEY'S GLADSTONE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

South Kilworth Rectory, Rugby,

15 December, 1903.

SIR,—The censure passed by Mr. Compton Reade in his letter to you 27 October was not one whit too severe when he asked "Why in 1868 the statesman who had pledged himself not to disestablish the Irish Church broke his pledge in obedience to the bribe of office tendered by the nonconformists whose puppet from that day he became—he the High Churchman—he with a scarcely veiled contempt for the tyrant wirepullers who exacted from him a slavish servility"? Mr. Gladstone, in his political hunger and moral boulevardism, invented and cultivated "the Nonconformist Conscience"—(he called it the backbone of the Liberal Party)—which to-day has become the terrible incubus which is smothering and crushing out the life of the Liberal party and reducing it to a mass of flabby degeneration.

"Dear Gladstone follows Conscience his friends say
And by that reputation greatly thrives—
He followed Conscience truly in the way
The costermonger the dumb ass he drives."

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS HUGH DEANE B.D.

THE IDEA OF MR. MANNERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

48 Hamilton Gardens, S. John's Wood, N.W.

23 December, 1903.

SIR,—Adverting to Mr. Runciman's article "The Idea of Mr. Manners" in this week's "SATURDAY", surely there are enthusiastic and "patriotic" musicians enough in London, who, if they came forward with their guineas, would ensure the Drury Lane experiment against financial failure.

It would be a lasting shame and disgrace if Mr. Manners were allowed to be out of pocket over the transaction.

Yours obediently,

SIDNEY B. CAULFIELD.

WHISTLER'S PICTURES AND THE CHANTREY TRUST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I think that if Mr. MacColl had read my Whistler article in the December number of the

"Studio" with a little more care he would have found that I had fully answered many of the questions he raised in his leading article on the various matters which my Whistler reminiscences contained.

The only question I do not answer therein is the one he raises himself, and which I take to be the *raison d'être* of his entire contribution. Mr. MacColl, it seems, would be glad to hear from me "What steps I took (when on the Council of the Academy) to secure a work of Whistler for the Chantrey collection, seeing that I admit the merits of his work to be so transcendent that under the plain terms of the Will it was a gross dereliction of duty for the Trustees to neglect it. Did I urge on them, as I did on my American friend, the purchase of some of his 'immortal' work?"

Well, in order that Mr. MacColl may no longer "burst in ignorance" of my own private and personal conduct on the occasion he cites, I will sorrowfully admit that I did none of those things he points out as my plain duty to myself and all concerned (even to Mr. MacColl and friends), and for many glaring and excellent reasons, some of which concern the Master himself and his immortal work. Some concern the rules of the Academy, some concern the terms of the Chantrey Will, and some concern my own personal concerns. I can find none whatever, I grieve to say, that concerns "The man in the street". Except that it is presumed to give him a right, at all times and in any place, to stay me and demand "What the ! ! ! I mean by not purchasing the things he would select instead of using my own judgment." It would soon get to be a severe tax on one's time, patience and liberty of action. However, I will make over a very simple reason, tempered with explanations (for Mr. MacColl's use and benefit), as to why I did not raise my voice for some immortal work of the Master's on the occasion pointed out so plainly by Mr. MacColl. Of course, if I had found that that voice was in order I should have undoubtedly voiced it for the "Mother" picture, and then I fancy that this little scene would have ensued.—PRESIDENT. "Where is this work to be seen, Mr. Boughton?" I. "Sorry to say, sir, I don't happen to know." P. "Is it for sale?" I. "That I don't know either." P. "Is it Mr. Whistler's wish it should go to the Chantrey collection? for you know he insists on controlling the destination of his works even when bought and paid for?" I. "That point I was aware of, but it escaped me for the moment." P. "If it is, as you say, the portrait of his 'Mother' you suggest we should purchase, don't you know that we have already exhibited that picture twenty years ago, and that by the terms of the Will it will have to be exhibited again, and by the laws of the Academy it can't be?" I. "Yes, sir, I have to admit that objection." P. "May I ask then how you can expect us to listen to your suggestion?"

I, confused into temporary silence, find my scattered forces interrupted by other "voices" of the impatient council advising me "to take a back seat"! This entirely imaginary scene is what I feel would have taken place if I had let my "voice" loose on the occasion Mr. MacColl has unwittingly pointed out as the happy moment to "let it go". This, I take it, should contain my answer to Mr. MacColl's challenge as to my silence. These serried reasons also apply to any previously exhibited picture (in London), suggested for purchase for the Chantrey collection. Furthermore, ere we leave the "Master" in peace (at least during the "festive season"), may I remind Mr. MacColl that according to "the two most intimate associates of the 'Master', during the last ten years of his life" (vide letter signed by them to the "Times" immediately after Whistler's death), "it was the most sacred injunction of the Master that no work of his should ever be again shown in the Royal Academy". Raison de plus why no unhappy lover of his can ever raise a willing but empty voice in favour of him at any council meeting.

I do not expect for one moment that Mr. MacColl is going to accept my reasons or explanations without gracefully twining them into weird shapes that I never intended them to express. He is so skilful that I shall perhaps applaud his ingenuity. One bit of his advice however I shall never take notice of—that Whistler's old-time friends shall no longer call him by the only name

we knew him by—"Jimmie". All and sundry of the latter-day apostles may call him "Mister" or "Master", or whatever else they like. They never knew the dear "Jimmie" side of him. However during these lines to his belated admirers I have dropped the old-time endearment and called him, to them as I do inwardly to myself, "The Master".

Yours faithfully,
GEO. H. BOUGHTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We are all indebted to Mr. Boughton for giving us at last the reasons that appear to a member of the Council of the Academy sufficient for the exclusion of Whistler from the Chantrey collection. As I have argued all along, no member of that Council will venture to dispute Whistler's right to inclusion on the merits of his work, and the reason Mr. Boughton gives depends, as, in charity, I suggested at the outset, on blank ignorance of the terms of Chantrey's Will.

Before I go into this, however, let me clear Mr. Boughton's mind on a preliminary point. He appears to think that he is being worried, as a private person, to give reasons for a private action and private opinion, to those who have no right to challenge one or the other. That is an extraordinary misconception. As a member of the Council of the Academy, engaged in purchases from the Chantrey Fund, Mr. Boughton was no longer a private person, but a trustee for the nation. Every Englishman, down to the man in the street, has a right to challenge those purchases, not only in the Press, but in a court of law, and Mr. Boughton is responsible to the nation for any neglect of this public duty. But that is not all. Mr. Boughton represents the challenger as asking "What the ! ! ! I mean by not purchasing the things he would select instead of using my own judgment." No : we have asked Mr. Boughton whether he neglected to press for the purchase of work which in his, Mr. Boughton's, judgment is "immortal", and equal to Rembrandt, Raphael and Vandyck. It is his proclamation of this belief in the "Studio" that gives to any one of us the occasion to ask whether any attempt was made by Mr. Boughton, in his character of public trustee, to give effect to his declared judgment. He tells us now that he made no such attempt. What are his reasons?

He says those reasons were many, glaring and excellent. They are glaring enough, in all conscience. Let us examine their excellence. He supposes the case of his suggesting, at the Academy Council, that Whistler's "Mother" should be purchased. This, if I am not mistaken, is an impossible supposition, because by the time Mr. Boughton was a member of Council the "Mother" was already in the Luxembourg. Mr. Boughton's argument therefore, so far as it depends on this one picture and its having been exhibited at the Academy, falls to the ground. The opportunities of fifteen years had slipped away. Let that pass, however, and let us suppose, to give Mr. Boughton all the advantages of his argument, that he had proposed some other picture of Whistler's which had also been exhibited in the Academy. First of all, then, Mr. Boughton represents himself as confounded by two questions from the President, viz. where the picture is to be seen, (he takes for granted that it had escaped notice on the Academy walls), and whether it is for sale. To these questions he can give no answer. He comes, this public trustee, to the meeting, with an important proposal to make, and has not taken the trouble to inform himself where the picture in question, by his dear and intimate friend, is to be found, and whether it is for sale. And when the proposition is made it does not, in Mr. Boughton's dream, occur to Whistler's "old friend, the President" to communicate with him, and find out these simple particulars. On Mr. Boughton's hypothesis it is out of the question for the President, who enjoys a salary of £300 a year for his labours as Chantrey trustee, to make such an inquiry personally, or to risk a penny stamp on a communication with the artist! I think it will be agreed that reasons such as these belong rather

to the inhibitions of nightmare than to the waking world of business. The next "reason" is too childish for discussion, viz. that Whistler might have objected to the destination of the picture. He would, as a matter of fact, have been delighted, as he was when the Luxembourg bought the "Mother" and Glasgow the "Carlyle". Whistler, in later days, appears to have objected to the presence of any of his work in the Academy, a very different matter, and no man with a spark of self-respect would have felt otherwise than he did, ignored as he had been all those years by that institution.

Brushing aside, then, these frivolous reasons, we come to the fourth, viz. that the picture had been exhibited in the Academy, that by the terms of the Will it would have to be exhibited there again, and by the laws of the Academy could not be. If Mr. Boughton puts this forward seriously, it means, as I have said above, that he is ignorant of the terms of the Will, and more, of what has actually been done by the trustees. The clause in the Will, to which he refers, provides that any picture purchased shall be exhibited in the course of the year following purchase, either in the Academy "*or in some important public exhibition of Fine Arts, the same to be selected by such President and Council, subject to such regulations as they shall think fit and proper*". The difficulty about the laws of the Academy, therefore, does not exist. Chantrey's provision was made to secure that the public should see, within a reasonable time, what was bought. There was no public gallery, such as the Tate, at the time he made the Will nor for years afterwards. The terms of the Will are satisfied if the picture is hung in a public exhibition or in the Tate Gallery, now that it exists, within the year after purchase. That this is so is confirmed by the action of the trustees, who bought Mr. Clausen's "Girl at the Gate" and one or two other pictures, which were never exhibited in the Academy at all, but sent to the Kensington Museum, pending the provision of a permanent National Gallery of British Art.

This, then, is the sorry defence Mr. Boughton can set up in the case of one of the great artists ignored by the Chantrey Trustees. I do not think, as a man of honour, he will be content with a line of action based on a belief as to the provisions of the Will which I have shown to be unfounded, which a moment's reference to the Will itself or to the list of pictures bought will disprove. Will he now join with us in demanding that the next picture purchased shall be a Whistler? Good faith demands no less. A word more on Mr. Boughton's last paragraph. The last thing I wish to do is to "twist" his meaning. He thinks "Jimmie" is the proper public designation of Whistler, while "inwardly" he calls him "the Master". I suggest that it would be proper to reverse the use of these titles. Let us impress on the "man in the street" the greatness of the artist, but tell him as little as possible about the "dear Jimmie side of him" that obscures the other, and concerns only his intimates. Mr. Boughton would be surprised if some critic who enjoyed his intimacy referred to him in his articles as "Georgie". The man in the street will eagerly swallow any silly and derogatory personal anecdote, will remember that, and that only. It should be our part, therefore, to refuse him such nutriment. Let us leave it to people of the Mortimer Menpes stamp to describe the details of Whistler's toilette and tailoring with a zeal that leaves little for the valet to add. I cannot say that I think "the Master" very much happier as a title, for it was part of Whistler's folly to assume that style, and some time must pass before it loses the taint, and falls to him clean of it, bestowed by others. When Mr. Boughton speaks of "belated" admirers, I suppose he means "later" admirers. Those who were born later could not very well admire earlier. The reproach lies with those who profess to have admired from the first, but did nothing to give effect to their admiration. Apathy about the artist, and eagerness to retail anecdotes about the man are, on Mr. Boughton's showing, what has commended itself to the Academy as the treatment for a great painter. Does such an attitude really approve itself to him, on reflection, as generous or even tolerable?

D. S. MACCOLL.

REVIEWS.

LORD AVEBURY OF COMMONPLACE.

"Essays and Addresses 1900-1903." By Lord Avebury. London : Macmillan. 1903. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a singularly unattractive volume made up of fifteen addresses delivered on such occasions as the opening of a public library, or some variety of the Mutual Improvement Society which has the honour of Lord Avebury as president. If not an address it is a reprinted magazine article on such topics as Municipal Trading or the Early Closing Bill or the history of Bank Holidays : to which must be added several articles whose origin is undeclared on the Fiscal Question. There is nothing more to be said of this latter class of disquisitions than that they reproduce views which are very well known to everybody who takes an interest in such questions. Any amount of the same kind of matter is to be found say in the "Times" or the "Globe" about the recklessness and extravagance of county councils and boroughs, or the iniquities of trades unions : and if we want the views of the Cobden Club on free trade and Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, they are quite accessible in the literature of that club or the leaders of the "Daily News" or the "Daily Chronicle". Whether Lord Avebury is talking or writing of books, education, economics, or politics there is nothing in his style or presentment of a subject which is in the least degree distinctive, or which shows any quality beyond that of the most ordinary pedestrian prose. If there is an utter lack of form, there is a plentiful variety of all the commonplaces of which any given subject is capable. In the addresses on "Huxley's Life and Work", on "John Ruskin", on "Richard Jefferies", on "Macaulay Ceremonial" (this title really intends something about doing honour to Macaulay and does not therefore say what it means) whatever is worth reading consists of lengthy quotations and not of anything contributed by Lord Avebury himself. But the address on "The Order of Merit" delivered at an Athenæum Club dinner reaches the climax of superfluity in the way of reprints. Lord Avebury seems to have overvalued himself more than is his wont in thinking such a commonplace collection of scraps of biographical comment worth binding up within a volume. Of Mr. John Morley this is what we get. "We all recognise Mr. Morley as one of our greatest writers. We have read with admiration his vivid history of the French Revolution, his graphic judicial biographies of English statesmen. If we cannot all share his political views, we recognise his consistency, his courage and courtesy and offer him our hearty congratulations." Lord Avebury has read a great deal but he cannot have read Mr. Morley's "French Revolution" because Mr. Morley has not yet written it. This seems a want of scientific accuracy remarkable in one of such reputation for observation. Passing to Mr. Lecky, the taste of remarking in Mr. Morley's presence that "If votes were weighed as well as counted, Ireland could perhaps not be said to be in favour of Home Rule" is as evident as the charm and subtlety of the criticism "Our children will not go far wrong if they take as a guide his 'Map of Life'".

We do not know anything which shows more clearly the want of appreciation of the art of literature amongst the audiences with whom Lord Avebury is popular than the vogue his writings have. There is plenty of interest in some of the subjects he treats but they get very little from his mode of treatment. In the present volume we see Lord Avebury's very prosaic abilities applied to several subjects which when handled, stodgily are not worth reproducing, if the audience is to be more cultivated and fastidious than the people who imagine themselves altogether au courant with all that is eminent in science and literature by appointing Lord Avebury the president of their literary societies and booking him for an address. He had the advantage of personally knowing Huxley and Ruskin, but with the exception of one or two personal reminiscences his papers on them look like the compilation from an ordinary biography which an essayist of the commonplace type might have made for a paper at a provincial society. Such a crude remark as "theologians themselves indeed ad nit

the mystery of existence" is quite the fatuous sort of thing one might expect from such an essayist followed by a quotation from Canon Liddon to prove it! Ruskin's brilliant paradoxes and protests he treats with such ordinary matter-of-fact kind of argumentation as he would apply to a proposal of the Works Department of the London County Council. How utterly absurd in its literalness in this connexion is such a comment as the following : "He pours scorn on the maxim that you should sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market : not realising that by doing so you sell to those most in need of your goods and buy from those most in need of your money." Another ludicrous instance of this unintelligence and unfitness for literary criticism is shown in a solemn defence of the poor law, and the Charity Organisation Society's operations in connexion with it, in the essay on Richard Jefferies. Jefferies had passionately condemned the poor law and society's treatment of the poor and had found in the Charity Organisation Society a good illustration of what he meant. It does not matter what Lord Avebury has to say about the merits of the society in detail. But he has evidently more sympathy with it than he has with Jefferies' temperament ; and he remarks with a kind of unctuousness and smugness which is characteristic of Lord Avebury's view of most things that he feels sure Jefferies "would have approved of the society if he had understood it thoroughly and known more of its operations".

We must give a precious gem of writing from "Macaulay Ceremonial" as an example of Lord Avebury's style and to suggest how little of value in anything relating to literature can be expected from him. "Macaulay's father, Zachary Macaulay, was himself a remarkable man. He was one of those who contributed most to the abolition of the slave trade. At home he was an excellent husband and a kind father ; but his love though deep was a well rather than a spring ; his manner was cold and unsympathetic ; but he commands our respect for his domestic virtues and his unselfish devotion to the great cause of freedom. To-day, however, we are perhaps more concerned with his mother. She was the daughter of a Bristol bookseller who built the street still, I believe, known as Mills Place, and her brother for some time edited a Bristol paper. They were married on 26 August, 1799". There's information ; there's lucidity, but for the little obscurity as to whether it is Zachary Macaulay's mother or Thomas Babington Macaulay's mother that we are concerned with to-day. There is criticism too : just one piece and it is "The phenomenal popularity of the 'Essays' is most satisfactory". Also one piece of moralising mixed with bad grammar a little worse than usual. "Macaulay had his own sorrows, as all must, but he brought none on himself". One of Lord Avebury's pet aversions is too much literary education ! It is quite amazing to think that Lord Avebury imagines himself and that other people imagine him to be a person having valuable ideas on literature and life. A glance through a speech in this volume on the Manchester Public Library Jubilee, and the one on education, will convince anyone, even if he has not read "The Pleasures of Life" and "The Hundred Best Books", that this may be true within the domestic circle but that it is a wisdom which should be strictly confined to that sphere. But no doubt, since the British public has made up its mind that Lord Avebury is necessary to their "culture", this book will find its place along with his other admired works on the shelves of public libraries. But as he himself profoundly observes "No one can read all the books in a public library" : and this should be a convenient excuse for anyone who may be asked whether he knows "Essays and Addresses 1900-1903" by Lord Avebury.

A BAD HAT.

"The Life of Midhat Pasha : a Record of his Services, Political Reforms, Banishment and Judicial Murder." By his Son, Ali Haydar Midhat Bey. London : Murray. 1903. 12s. net.

THE exact circumstances attending the death of the Sultan Abdul Aziz may never be known. It is certain that, after his deposition, he was very hardly

used by the conspirators who kept him a close prisoner at Cheragan and considered his existence a menace to their ambitions. The suicide of prisoners in Oriental countries is often a mere euphemism for murder—there were many compulsory suicides at Belgrade last June—and the doctors who viewed the Sultan's body seem to have been more hasty than positive in their conclusions. "We were told that the ex-Sultan Abdul Aziz had with these scissors inflicted upon himself the wounds above described. . . . the direction and nature of the wounds, together with the instrument which is said to have produced them, lead us to conclude that suicide had been committed." At any rate, the suspicious circumstances which provoked this hesitating report called aloud for an exhaustive inquiry, and Midhat Pasha, who was in power at the time, exposed himself to a charge of complicity by hushing up the whole affair. It was only many years later that evidence was forthcoming and we fail to see how Midhat's biographer can be justified in blaming the present Sultan for instituting a judicial inquiry. He alleges that Midhat's trial was unfairly conducted, but the contemporary reports, quoted by him, scarcely bear this out and we are inclined to agree with Lord Stanley of Alderley, who stated in the House of Lords that substantial justice had undoubtedly been done to Midhat Pasha. Several witnesses came forward with circumstantial details of the Sultan's murder : in the report of the "Times" correspondent we read that "Mustapha the wrestler betrayed no symptoms of emotion as he related in plain unvarnished terms how he had cut open the ex-Sultan's veins with a knife given to him for the purpose by Mahmoud Damad." His description, accompanied by slight and significant gestures, was "brutally graphic and made a strong impression upon the spectators". Indeed, considering the extreme probability of Midhat's complicity with regicide, we cannot think that he was harshly treated when his sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment in Arabia. Midhat does not seem to have taken his punishment bravely and his letters are full of lamentations over the quality of his food, the absence of servants, the ignorance of his doctor, and the loss of his false teeth. He was haunted with a dread of assassination and made loud protestation when he received some bad milk. The bimbashi admitted that it was adulterated and promised to punish the milkman ; but Midhat observed that it had disagreed with some soldiers who tasted it and he insisted that verdigris had been put in to poison him. On his title-page, the author alludes to the "judicial murder" of Midhat, an hysterical charge which is sufficiently disproved by the fact of Midhat's reprieve ; in the body of the book he cites a fellow-prisoner who alleged that Midhat was strangled in his room. There could have been no reason for such a deed and we prefer to believe the report, which appeared in the newspapers, that Midhat died of anthrax.

Skinned of much filial prejudice, this book would throw much useful light upon the politics of Eastern Europe. The career of Midhat affords an object lesson in the danger of hastily planting democracy in an unsuitable soil. Midhat's constitution and Midhat's parliament remain a standing joke in every bazaar throughout the Ottoman Empire ; and those of us who best realise the importance of reforming Turkish administration are the first to condemn Midhat's methods as impracticable. As a provincial administrator, he enjoyed some measure of success, combating the Komitajis in Bulgaria and introducing many material improvements in the vilayet of Bagdad. His head was soon turned by his ambitions and he organised the deposition, if not the murder, of Abdul Aziz. Finding that Murad was too insane to make even a useful puppet, the Sultan-maker had proceeded to make terms with the next heir as to the price of succession. Abdul Hamid was, however, shrewd enough to obtain his rights without sacrificing his prerogatives and to see that constitutions from the West could only precipitate disaster in the East. Finding him indisposed to play the puppet, Midhat set to work to plot his overthrow. The local press was suborned to attack the Sovereign, foreign intervention was solicited towards enforcing the new constitution,

and, when the Sultan offered passive resistance, he was openly insulted by his Grand Vizier. The only possible retort was exile, particularly at the anxious period preceding the Russo-Turkish War. After the storm had been weathered, the Sultan very generously forgave him, offered him money and eventually entrusted him with the government of Syria. Even then Midhat showed no gratitude, but alternated threats of resignation with intrigues for independent rule. He would have been a dangerous servant for any sovereign, but he was a standing menace to the security of an Oriental empire. Apart from their justice, his condemnation and deportation were unavoidable acts of self-preservation, for which the Sultan cannot be blamed.

If we dismiss a few elementary blunders (such as the confusion of *in petto* for *in miniature*) Haydar Midhat writes well. His observations upon Bulgarian atrocities are lucid and throw a useful light upon recent events in Macedonia. His exposure of Russian and, still more, of Austrian intrigues in the Balkans merits the attention of every statesman. But as a biographer of his tempestuous parent, he requires heavy discount.

SKETCHES OF A TEMPERAMENT.

"Between the Acts." By H. W. Nevinson. London : Murray. 1904. 9s.

WITH imaginative literature conditioned so deplorably by an unintelligent demand, and the writing of fiction reduced abjectly to the points of the market, demanded and purveyed according to sample, and only in trade lengths, and with the dolorous regularity of publishing seasons, it is a relief to light upon a man who sets at nought the question of profit, who considers form and length only as they concern his requirement, and who produces when and what he pleases. In "Between the Acts" Mr. Nevinson offers the public what in the shape of literature probably it likes least—poems and short stories.

The short story has for long been almost an unmarketable commodity. In its proper form, as the record of some illuminating occasion, one may consider it as congenitally unsuited to the determined dulness of the national brain, which is dazzled by illuminative occasions, and requires its imagination to be coaxed by a more familiar amplitude. It prefers to attend the hero's birth, and to obtain satisfactory references as to his parentage, before it can feel perfectly at home with his subsequent proceedings ; and to be suddenly thrust into a company of which it knows nothing is as objectionable to its mental as to its social habit. It is therefore not surprising that, in serious literature, capable writers of the short story are extremely rare, and one is correspondingly grateful when any one of them continues to cultivate the form which suits him, in spite of the very limited circle to which he can hope to appeal.

Mr. Nevinson wrote in "Neighbours of Ours" one of the most charming short stories in the English language, and the dexterity and sureness of touch in his latest volume prove, to any who can discern, the apprenticeship he has already served. There is an interest also in the book which its title conveys, and the stories are appropriately described as written "between the acts", only the acts have for the greater part been actions, since Mr. Nevinson has been a witness of almost all that has been interesting in warfare for the last half-dozen years.

Such a life gives a breadth and warmth to his work, which it could not have attained in the study. He has used scenes with which roving commissions have made him familiar in two continents, but the gain is rather in a tender and comprehensive humanity, which seems always bred, curiously enough, where humanity should be at its worst. His sympathy is as penetrating and complete whether it be concerned with a desperate snatching at the heroic of a vacillating Don, the devouring selfishness of a girl in love, the social ambulations of German professors, a Greek soldier's baptism of valour, or the struggles of London outcasts towards a soul. And it is a sympathy that always leans to the larger issue, that is not diverted by the special case.

Of that, "Sic vos non vobis" forms a very suggestive proof. It sets also an interesting example of discretion in endings. Only an accomplished artist would have dared to close it at its most tantalising moment, where conjecture is absolutely left without a clue. Yet a word more would have spoiled it. Not as a story, but as a delicate and provocative sketch of a temperament. By its abruptness the woman's character is left delightfully, like a rosy mist, in the air. Heaven alone can tell the sort of weather she portends either for the man she loves or for the man who loves her.

There is another sketch of temperament in "A Little Honey" which is an astonishing piece of work for a man to have done. It is argued so furtively and constructively from the woman's point of view that one could have been sure a dozen times that a woman had written it. It has just the discerning vagueness of touch, that most skilful sort of literary brushwork, by which alone certain feminine phrases can be adequately rendered, and which is of itself an achievement. Concerning the poems one's chief regret is that they are forced to appear between lengths of prose, which fatally distract the mood for reading them. They sound the same sane strong human note and have a rhythmic quality as well, which makes them worth the tribute of consecutive reading when the prose is done.

TOTTERING COBDENISM.

- "Imperial Fiscal Reform." By Sir Vincent H. P. Caillard. London : Arnold. 1903. 3s. 6d.
- "Sophisms of Free Trade and popular Political Economy Examined." By Sir John Barnard Byles. A New Edition with an Introduction and Notes by William Samuel Lilly and Charles Stanton Devas. London : Lane. 1904. 3s. 6d net.
- "Free Trade, Protection, Dumping, Bounties and Preferential Tariffs." By Henry A. Agacy. London : Longmans. 1903. 2s. 6d net.
- "The Fiscal Dispute Made Easy." By W. H. Mallock. London : Nash. 1903. 1s.

ONE of the most extraordinary phenomena of the nineteenth century was the complete triumph of the laissez-faire system in England. Generally Englishmen care little for abstract principles and never legislate upon them alone. Probably the reason for the sweeping triumph of the doctrinaires during the early Victorian era is to be found in the composition of the reformed House of Commons, which represented chiefly the very men who had most to gain from the new system. Huskisson's moderate and sensible reforms had succeeded so well that their extension appeared both natural and desirable. The Liberal politicians, and to a large extent the Tories, were captivated by a sort of revised version of French revolutionary teaching. Belief in the beneficent working of nature and an easy optimism, which held that each man best served the State by serving himself, combined to blind men to the real object of the elaborate machinery of state regulation, which they were prepared to throw down in obedience to a principle received rather than understood.

No one to-day denies that a large measure of reform was necessary, but it was diametrically opposed to every tradition of the constitution to re-model our fiscal system on the supposition that wars should be no more and that other nations would rest content under an arrangement by which England was the commercial and so the political arbiter of Europe. List realised better than the free traders themselves the real result of their action and men in England, of whom Byles was one, protested loudly against the sacrifice of the national ideal to a theory of cosmopolitanism which could never be. They were scornfully told that they were ignorant of political economy, and even Adam Smith was ignored when his shrewd common sense had accepted limitations on pure principles. It was useless for Byles and his friends to point out that the Ricardian Law of Rent and the Wages Fund theory were equally out of touch with actual life. If the Corn Laws were repealed to avoid civil war, the Factory Acts were the ransom paid by the free importers. Step by step Bright and his friends fought the new movement, and Bright in

his blind adherence to abstract principle did not shrink from admitting that he even considered adulteration to be but a form of competition. The orthodox economists were too liberal for Manchester, and Bright once sorrowfully affirmed that Mill's concession as to protection being beneficial to young countries had largely neutralised the good effect of his book.

Fanaticism such as this forced Cobden and Bright to overlook the many happy accidents that had together contributed to our wonderful prosperity up to 1870. Wars abroad, peace at home, railways, steamships, new mechanical inventions, Californian and Australian gold discoveries, the possession of a skilled and industrious population all went for nothing. Free trade and this alone was the magician who had caused England to flourish. They forgot or did not know that England had already become the workshop of the world under a protectionist system and apparently ignored the monetary troubles and bad harvests which caused the distress of the early nineteenth century. For a moment it seemed as though vehement assertions would pass for argument and that the nations of Europe would follow our example. However the rise of the historic school in Germany and the revival of nationalism on the Continent soon made an end alike of reciprocity treaties and cosmopolitan free trade. Even economists began to doubt the eternal truth of political economy. In the face of the writings of Cliffe, Leslie, Jevons and Sidgwick, to mention no living economist, men have been compelled to admit that the crude interpretation of abstract economic theory in the light of an exploded political idealism is no longer a safe guide to wise commercial legislation.

When the nations of the world found peace in the seventies, the nationalist movement forced them to protection. Even in England we had a fair-trade movement, but imperialism, our true nationalism, was a later birth. Sir Vincent Caillard's book cannot be too highly praised. Unconsciously he is a commentary on the prophecies and warnings of Byles fifty years ago. He shows what the real result of a policy of free imports has been. It is of course possible that we prefer to make those articles we are best fitted by nature to make, but when the nations of the world refuse to buy them and demand our coal china clay or slop clothing instead, we must realise that the theory of free trade and the practice of everyday life vary. In strict conformity with theory we should become a nation of miners so long as our coal lasts, and perhaps a nation of beggars afterwards. We must not make reciprocity treaties with our colonies, although Cobden made one with France, since at present we sell more to the fifty odd millions of Germany than we do to the five millions of Canada. We must continue to take prison-made and sweepers' goods from the Continent and pay for them with coal and ships. We must not do anything to offend our foreign customers and rivals, since they might retaliate. It is difficult even to listen patiently to such pitiful pleading. If the German tariff is not now prohibitive to our goods, it is only because they are indispensable. If foreigners sell us their surplus products or bounty-fed sugar under cost price, it is not because they wish to favour us. They were willing to agree to the sugar convention when our refiners were all but ruined, and they will dump billets and blooms just so long as a slaughter price is necessary to undersell our manufacturers of iron and steel. When England is the poorer for the loss of capital sunk in those works, Germany can continue her exports, but at a higher price.

Perhaps the Cobdenite will point to the wonderful progress of our shipbuilding industry, but this will last so long and no longer than the cheap steel continues, and with Germany's victory over the iron and steel maker she secures automatically another over the shipbuilder. If Germany has been able to work such havoc, what prospect remains for the South Wales makers when the American Steel Trust joins in the fray? There are signs that even free importers are beginning to see danger. Mr. Agacy's book is an able plea for free trade, but he advocates some mysterious process by which dumping shall be stopped. There can be no opposition to dumping except by prohibition or an effective tariff. Tinkering is useless. Moreover in

the background is another problem. As Sir Vincent Caillard points out, additional revenue is urgently required, and to raise this the easiest, perhaps the only way, is by indirect taxation, of which the foreigner will certainly pay a share if not the whole. The only logical free-trade view is that dumping is beneficial or at any rate unavoidable. Neither position can be fairly maintained to-day, and if our present commercial policy allows dumping, it is doomed. Defence is better than opulence, and we must construct our national system anew, even at the cost of present loss. Protection for the United Kingdom may be painful but free trade is a lingering death. Mr. Mallock deliberately abstains from taking sides in the controversy. His object is to lay first principles before readers who have not grasped the A B C of economics, but even in a manual which is intended for both parties he leaves little doubt as to his sympathies. Circumstances alter cases, and Mr. Mallock makes it clear by a mere setting out of elementary facts that what might be good in 1846 is not necessarily the sum of wisdom in 1904. We cannot in days of competition do what we did in the days of monopoly.

NOVELS.

"Jerusalem." By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Jessie Bröchner. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

This is a remarkable book. Selma Lagerlöf has a mind acutely observant of the facts of life, and imaginative gifts of a high order. As far as we can form an opinion, without personal acquaintance with the farmers and peasants of Sweden, we should say that this author has portrayed them very faithfully: at any rate an impression of vivid reality is created. Selma Lagerlöf not only depicts her characters in the visible occurrences of daily life—on the farm and at market, at work and at play, suffering and enjoying—but she follows them into solitude and interprets their inmost thoughts. Soliloquies are apt to be tedious, but in *"Jerusalem"* this is never the case. Ingmar Ingmarrson communes with himself as he guides the plough: it is a self-revelation, and, long as it is, one would not wish it shorter by a sentence, for every sentence tells. The canvas of *"Jerusalem"* is a crowded one, the story of two generations is told. To these Scandinavians the sense of the nearness of the powers of good and of evil is ever present. The atmosphere of their lives is still permeated by surviving shadows of paganism. Simple and sincere in their Christianity, they are the stuff of which enthusiasts are made. Under the influence of a religious revival a number of them forsake their homes and go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But it is not the history of the colony in Palestine nor the evidences of what some may deem fanaticism that make the pages of *"Jerusalem"* so fascinating: rather it is that imaginative insight which unveils the inner workings of minds sincere though limited, and reveals the true romance which can underlie a commonplace and rough exterior.

"Dr. Lavendar's People." By Margaret Deland. Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. London: Harpers. 1903. 6s.

Mrs. Deland is one of that small band of American authors gifted with very considerable powers as writers of fiction and more especially of fiction as exemplified in the short story. Character and atmosphere are presented with a striking fidelity which seems the product of close observation and catholic sympathies. In *"Dr. Lavendar's People"* we are taken once more among the folks of Old Chester and find true entertainment—entertainment with the salt sting of tears in it at times—in the record of dramatic episodes in their varied lives. Through all the stories the kindly old minister, Dr. Lavendar, and the young doctor, Willy King, appear, giving a unity to the diverse romances. There is an old saying that every person's life affords material for a novel; such writers as Mrs. Deland and Miss Wilkins show us that every house in a seemingly dull community may be made to afford material for a striking short story; that the so-called commonplace does not exist

in human life unless we look upon it with eyes unfitted for seeing anything else.

"The Haggard Side : being Essays in Fiction." By the Author of "Times and Days", &c. London : Longmans. 1903. 5s.

The anonymous author of this book has published volumes of essays and here gives us thirteen "essays in fiction", or short stories as told by an essay writer. At the beginning of the volume, in the somewhat strained and artificial narrative of "The Beyond", we thought that the essayist was more pronounced than the storyteller but "Playing at Love", "Guilty" and other items show that the writer has some knack as a deviser of tragic situations. In most of his essays he takes a single episode and one or two characters and illustrates the effect of the episode on those characters, and generally the effect is a tragic one. Though for the most part carefully written the author is not quite careful enough to give his work distinction.

"An Unshared Secret, and other Stories." By Florence Montgomery. London : Macmillan. 1903. 6s.

"An Unshared Secret" occupies half of this book ; three short, and it must be said very slight stories follow it. We doubt if a volume of this size could be fabricated which should contain less printed matter. There are several pleasant sketches of children, but the grown-up people are not so successfully drawn. Miss Montgomery has sound advice to give in matters of the heart. "If you cannot have the thing you long for", says one of her characters, "go without altogether. But never take something else instead". In "An Unshared Secret" two people did "take something else instead"; and a great deal of unhappiness resulted.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." By Kate Douglas Wiggins. London : Gay and Bird. 1903. 6s.

There is something peculiarly fresh and attractive about American girlhood. It is sensible, and humorous, and winsome at the same time. Rebecca is a delightful creature, intelligent and interesting, and with the usual fine eyes that in the end make her beautiful. Nearly always, children of this type are represented as plain and insignificant, their only redeeming features being wonderful eyes. Rebecca however is quite original, and an unusually good child altogether, and her poetry is most entertaining. We can believe that she became an author in time. Miss Wiggins has written a charming book, which will delight grown-up people, and can be given with profit to the most innocent young person.

"The Intriguers' Way." By J. Bloundelle-Burton. London : Religious Tract Society. 1903. 3s. 6d.

This is a tedious narrative of Jacobite plots and plotters in 1714, written by one with no special knowledge of his period and no sense of dramatic effect. The most unsophisticated will scarcely find interest in the characters or their adventures. The hero, a Jacobite, hearing of a plot to assassinate the Elector on his way to England, sets out from Paris to defend him, announcing that he would strike a blow "for the King's sake, for James!" He was accordingly accused of compassing and imagining the Elector's death, but was duly acquitted at the Old Bailey. His sweetheart was sent to Vincennes under a lettre de cachet, but her experiences and flight arouse no emotions.

"My Change of Mind: a Story of the Power of Faith." By Mrs. Atkey. London : Elliot Stock. 1903. 6s.

There are certain fanatical folk in the world who think that they do good by handing to people in the streets crudely-designed little stories showing the value of faith, the horrors of alcohol, and so on. Mrs. Atkey seems to aim at shifting the distributing point for tracts from the kerb-stone to the circulating library, for her story in style, characterisation, and incident is but a tract spread over 231 pages and neatly bound. The book is full of the arrogance which assumes that all readers are without proper religious faith, and of tiresome utterances from the "total abstinence" platform.

"Pyramids of Snow." By Edith Metcalfe. London : Ward, Lock. 1903. 3s. 6d.

Fraud, bigamy, murder and suicide form the staple of this story. The squalid acts of unattractive people can scarcely be made palatable by the arts of style and ornament : and in "Pyramids of Snow" these condiments are wholly lacking.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Garden Diary : and Calendar of Nature." London : Allen. 1903. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net ; leather, 3s. 6d. net.

A gardener, a naturalist, and a poet, certainly one with a poet's soul, have happily combined to carry out a happy idea. Miss Rose Kingsley gives monthly notes on gardening, brief and practical ; Miss Maud Jeaffreson a poetic setting for every day of the gardener's life : and Mr. George A. B. Dewar a prefatory benediction on the whole. There is an antipathy between the gardener and the naturalist even in the same man : and any antagonism jars on the gardener's perfect peace ; and Mr. Dewar tries to find for gardener and naturalist a way of living. We fear that personal temper will always settle what this way is to be. Often have we been wrathful with gardeners who would murder, down to the last one, for taking their just share of food, caterpillars that would one day be quite as beautiful as the gardener's flowers. This diary would rather suggest Miss Kingsley as the mere gardener ; there should, as here, always be the naturalist and the lover of letters to keep the balance. We are especially struck with Miss Mary Jeaffreson's part. Calendar poetry is generally irrelevant and tasteless. The poetry of this diary is its best part. Both in aptness and literary discrimination it could not be better. We are glad to see so much regard for older and not popular poets ; and the frequent appearance of Jean Ingelow. Possibly want of space may excuse the small allusion to butterflies in all this poesy. And yet they are the inseparable inhabitants of a garden, and in attraction no whit behind its vegetable population. One more instance of the blindness even of the most cultivated folk to the splendour of the insect world. This must not, however, be taken as a disparagement special to Miss Jeaffreson, who has so done her part that we think it was very hard luck on her to be left out of the title-page.

"Opuscula Sancti Patris Francisci Assisiensis sec. Codices MSS. emendata et denuo edita a PP. Collegii S. Bonaventurae." Ad Claras Aquas (Quaracchi) prope Florentiam, 1904. Lire 1.50.

The Franciscan Friars of the Collegio di San Bonaventura, near Florence, who are their own printers, publishers and learned editors, have just produced their first critical edition of the writings of S. Francis ever attempted. It is a model of its kind, characterised throughout by Franciscan simplicity and directness of purpose; the clean-cut "Apparatus Criticus" is especially commendable as being wholly free from modern pose and pyrotechnics : indeed we are here in possession of a product of the impersonal Scriptorium, tempered by all that genuine modesty which ever attends true scholarship. The critical test applied to the stereotyped edition of the "Opuscula" (Wadding, 1623) is severe and entirely satisfactory. Much has had to go—some of it good, too—but what remains is beaten gold. The Admonitions remain, and six of the Epistles ; so do the two Rules of the Friars Minor (1209-1221 ; 1223), the Testament, the Office of the Passion, the "Laudes Dei", the Praises before the Canonical Hours, and the Salutations of the Blessed Virgin and of the Virtues. All the rest has gone—colloquies, prophecies, parables, oracles, examples, benedictions (save only that known as the Seraphic Benediction), for all these, though doubtless substantially utterances of the Saint, cannot be regarded as writings of his. The Monastic Conferences (except No. 3) have likewise disappeared, as also have the Rules for the Poor Clares and the Order of Penance, and the Appendix of Opuscules, regarded even by Wadding as doubtful. We congratulate the learned "Pates Editores" on a good and useful bit of work, and we take note with satisfaction that this work does not form volume I. of a "Bibliotheca Franciscana Ascetica Medii Aevi". The "Speculum B. Mariae Virginis" of Friar Conrad of Saxony has already appeared, and the "Dicta" of the ecstatic Egidius, third companion of S. Francis, are announced as "sub pecto". In the capable hands of the Friars of Quaracchi this series should prove of exceptional interest and value.

"Chelsea Old Church." By Randall Davies. With a preface by Herbert P. Horne. London : Duckworth. 1903. 52s. 6d.

This is a scholarly account of one of the few remaining churches of beauty and interest in West London, printed and illustrated in the best form. Mr. Davies confines himself almost entirely to the business of the antiquary : he has given long and anxious care to the work, and we should say that he will hereafter take rank as an authority with Faulkner. Chelsea old church is fortunately quite safe alike from the speculating builder and the restorer. We hope that the little parish church

of Perivale is equally so. But at the present rate of destruction, its church will soon be about the single building of interest left to Chelsea. Old Chelsea is literally being dilapidated: not one stone is to be left on another: in a few months the flat builder will no doubt be at work on the site of several of the oldest houses in Queen's Road opposite the Physic Gardens. The old and untouched houses at the west end of Cheyne Walk must be a shocking eyesore for every believer in enterprise and progress. The houses at the other end are not so bad; new storeys and backs and fronts are being added to most of them.

"An Examination of the Shelley Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library." By C. D. Locock. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1903. 7s. 6d.

Somewhere in his "Reminiscences of Two Poets" Trelawny tells how on one occasion he came suddenly upon Shelley lying down in the forest near his Italian home, beside him a bit of paper on which was scrawled an utterly illegible draft of a poem. Perhaps if this scrap still exists, it would make a better frontispiece for Mr. Locock's little book than the colotype facsimile of the "Life of Life" lyric which is here given; for this latter, for a Shelley manuscript, must be distinctly legible. Nevertheless the specimen is of great interest; and for the slender volume itself, we are half inclined to think that Mr. Locock has unwittingly established a case for an entirely new and authoritative edition of Shelley's Poems. It is true that only a few of Shelley's greatest works are affected by Mr. Locock's discoveries: yet these include "Epipsyphidion"; "Ozymandias"; "Arethusa arose"; "To Constantia". What seems as God-like inspiration, the real "fine frenzy", is probably but the result of an intense art in a master. So that the difference between poetry of the

(Continued on page 24.)

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knowing and unknowing order is of the imagination and no more. Yet, however we assure ourselves that this is so, the idea of inspiration comes again when "The West Wind" or "Kubla" is read or recited in the right mood. We are not sure that we have not felt the same thing sometimes in going through "To Constantia Singing"; and what Mr. Locock says over his new version of this glorious poem would tend to strengthen the feeling. "This", he writes of the MS., "is chaos. Evidently written at fever heat". Inspiration is not inconsistent with polish. No one ever supposed that Shelley sat down, and wrote his "Constantia" or "West Wind" "slick off": such facility of words is not characteristic of the bard: we think of it rather as the fatal failing of the glib and empty-headed ornamental members who have places in every English cabinet.

"Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects." Vol. XLV. Edited by R. W. Dana. London: 5 Adelphi Terrace. 1903. 21s.

This year, the naval architects paid their first visit to Ireland. Belfast took the chance thus offered to show her guests what enterprise has done for her, Dublin of proving to them what it might do in her case were she not handicapped by want of means. It is a good thing both for hosts and guests that the Institution should have held its summer meeting on the other side of the water and we trust the experiment will often be repeated. In Dublin was read the most interesting perhaps the most important paper of the year, "The Steam Turbine and its Application to the Propulsion of Vessels". The day seems near when the rotary will supersede altogether the reciprocating engine and then, as Mr. Yarrow predicts, the name of Parsons will be placed on a level with that of James Watt and George Stephenson. Four papers, a fair proportion, treat of subjects which more intimately concern the Royal Navy, the others are of general interest to the shipping world. Mr. Whiting does good service in calling attention to the effect which modern accessories produce on the size and cost of warships: the difficulty is to get expert opinion to agree upon what is and what is not essential to efficiency: on one point there is consensus of opinion, the large quantity of stores carried might be reduced with advantage. The views of Admiral Fitzgerald on hollow lines are well known but he has not been able to carry the theorists with him in his condemnation of the cruisers of the "County" class. Whether mercantile cruisers should be fitted with housing propellers is a question for architects, builders and owners to decide amongst themselves: it really resolves itself into one of profit and loss. We do not think Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt makes out a case for the construction of fast coaling ships by Government for exclusive Government use, for the principle involved is, as Professor Biles explained, economically unsound.

"Agriculture for Beginners." By C. W. Burkett, F. L. Stevens, and D. H. Hill. Boston and London: Ginn. 1903. 3s. 6d.

This little book is intended to introduce children to the study of the laws of nature upon which agriculture is based, and is designed for American "boys and girls reared on a farm [who] get no educational training except that given in the public schools". It opens with some simple experimental illustrations of the work of the soil and the way plants feed, and then becomes more technical, dealing at some length with questions of cross-breeding, diseases of plants and insect pests. The book is attractively written and abundantly illustrated, chiefly by photographic reproductions. The book hardly fits any grade in English schools; it is too specialised for classes in our elementary schools, yet it is hardly complete enough for boys studying agriculture in secondary schools which possess an agricultural side. The matter is also too definitely American to allow the book to be of much use to pupils here; the teacher however may find in it some useful illustrations and hints as to experiments.

"Notes from a Lincolnshire Garden", by A. L. H. A. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net) is overburdened with quotations from writers good and indifferent, but it contains some sensitive notes on flowers and birds, scents and colours, arranged in no particular order. The little volume is chastely produced like much of the work of this house of publishers. A. L. H. A., we imagine, is a woman: her appreciation of colour and scent in nature is real and pleasing.—"English Sport" is a collection of articles on hunting, shooting, racing, cricket and other pastimes. It has a capital flavour of the robustious kind. The articles are reprinted from the "Badminton Magazine" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

Other reprints include a selection of John Ford's plays in the Mermaid Series (Unwin. 2s. 6d.) a very well printed book. "The Broken Heart" is of course given, a play with a catastrophe in Charles Lamb's view more solemn, grand and surprising than that of any other in the language: Messrs. Methuen reprint Rochefoucauld's "Moral Maxims" in a little 1s. 6d. edition; the additions to Astolat Oakleaf Classics are Bacon's essay and Cowley's poem on "Gardens" (1s. net) and Emerson's essay on "Friendship" (1s. net); "Henry V." is a new volume in Messrs. Methuen's "Arden Shakespeare" edited by Mr. W. T. Craig (3s. 6d.); Messrs. Lane's edition of

"The Compleat Angler" edited by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne now appears in a 5s. form; "The Cloister and the Hearth" and Wilkie Collins' "Woman in White" are 2s. net reprints in Mr. Long's English Classics. We have also received a "Poesy of Verse from Herrick" (Treherne. 3s. 6d.).

We have received the report for last year of Whitelands College. We have had the pleasure on many previous occasions of calling attention to the extremely good work done by this college. Its scholastic record is very good. The Government inspector says: "This college is at present in an excellent state of efficiency. The tone of the students is admirable, and a spirit of quiet earnest work prevails". That is the tone for a training college to aim at; vastly more important than examination results is the life of the college generally and the character, intellectual and moral, formed in the students. We have no hesitation in saying that no one in any way in touch with Whitelands can help noticing that the place is animated by an admirable spirit that is not always apparent in similar institutions. We notice with satisfaction there are now at Whitelands a larger number of University students than the college ever had before. This is the right tendency. Improvement in the type of teacher, and especially the mistresses—their influence is greater than the masters—is the solution of the problem of elementary education—a problem at present almost indefinitely far from solved. Those who care for education, indeed all who care for their country, cannot devote some of the money they appropriate to public objects to better purpose than by subscribing to the funds of Whitelands College for schoolmistresses. We would especially urge this on our readers now, for recent extensive improvements have been a great strain on the college finances.

For This Week's Books see page 26.

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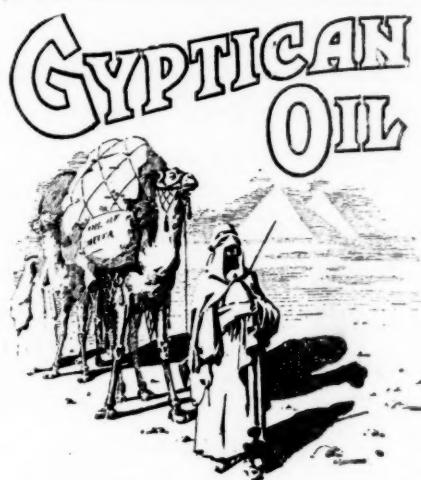
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NEW BOOKS are promptly and impartially reviewed in each issue of "TO-DAY" under the heading of "Diary of a Bookseller."

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CITY OF LIVERPOOL.**EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE BOYS' SCHOOLS.—APPOINTMENT OF HEAD MASTER.

Copy of Advertisement.

A HEAD MASTER is required for the Boys' Schools of the Liverpool Institute in succession to Mr. W. C. Fletcher, M.A., who has been appointed Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools under the Board of Education.

The Liverpool City Council has accepted from the Trustees of the Liverpool Institute the gift of its valuable property.

The appointment of a Head Master will be made by the Liverpool Education Committee on the present occasion, pending the constitution of a Board of Governors of the Institute.

The Salary offered is £1,000 per annum.

The Head Master will be required to devote the whole of his time to the direction and superintendence of the educational arrangements of the schools and to teach personally only so far as in his judgment may be necessary to and consistent with the efficient discharge of those duties.

The Head Master will not be allowed to take boarders.

The engagement of the Head Master will be subject to termination by six months' notice on either side.

A printed copy of particulars as to duties and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. HAROLD WHALEY, Mount Street, Liverpool, to whom applications, endorsed "Headmastership," giving particulars of age, qualifications and experience, together with fifty printed copies of the application including copies of not more than six testimonials, must be sent not later than the 30th January, 1904. (Original testimonials must not be sent.)

Canvassing of the Directors of the Liverpool Institute, Members of the City Council, or of the Education Committee, will disqualify Candidates.

EDWARD R. PICKMERE, Town Clerk.

December 23rd, 1903.

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Letter from H.M. THE KING.

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Applications must be made upon the printed forms, which may be obtained at the Bank of England, or any of its Branches; at the Bank of Ireland; and of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 4 Lombard Street, E.C.

Bank of England,
 1st January, 1904.

Mr. ANDREW MOIR sends out the following notices:— CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders for the year ending 31st December, 1903, will be held in Messrs. H. Eckstein & Co.'s Board Room, Exploration Building, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 16th March, 1904, at 3 p.m., for the following business:—

- (1) To receive and consider the Balance Sheet, Working Expenditure and Revenue Account, and Appropriation Account for the year ending 31st December, 1903, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors.
- (2) To elect two Directors in the place of Mr. Francis Drake, and Sir J. Percy Fitzpatrick, who retire by rotation in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but who are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (3) To elect Auditors in the place of Messrs. C. L. Andersson & Co. and J. N. Webb, who retire, but who are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past Audit.
- (4) To transact general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to 22nd March, 1904, both day inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taubout, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, a Certificate with Proxy Form will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by Proxy.

By Order of the Board,
 H. A. READ, Secretary.

Head Office, Exploration Building, Johannesburg,

1st January, 1904.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders, for the year ending 31st December, 1903, will be held in Messrs. H. Eckstein & Co.'s Board Room, Exploration Building, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 16th March, 1904, at 11 a.m., for the following business:—

- (1) To receive and consider the Balance Sheet, Working Expenditure and Revenue Account and Appropriation Account for the year ending 31st December, 1903, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors.
- (2) To elect six Directors in the place of Messrs. R. W. Schumacher, L. Reyersbach, Michael Dodd, E. Birkenmuth, Francis Drake and C. L. Redwood, who retire in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but who are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (3) To elect Auditors in place of Messrs. C. L. Andersson & Co. and Howard Pim, who retire, but who are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past Audit.
- (4) To transact General Business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to 22nd March, 1904, both days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Offices of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taubout, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, a Certificate with Proxy Form will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by Proxy.

By Order of the Board,
 H. A. READ, Secretary.

Head Office, Exploration Building, Johannesburg,

1st January, 1904.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Ninth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held in the Board Room, Exploration Building, Johannesburg, on WEDNESDAY, 23rd March, 1904, at 11 a.m., for the following business:—

- (1) To receive and consider the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the year ending 31st December, 1903, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors.
- (2) To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. H. Mosenthal and S. Neumann, who retire by rotation in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but who are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (3) To elect Auditors in the place of Messrs. C. L. Andersson & Co. and Howard Pim, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past Audit.
- (4) To transact General Business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 23rd to 29th March, 1904, both days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer (3s. Shares) wishing to be represented at the Meeting, must deposit their Share Warrants or may at their option produce same at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taubout, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, a Certificate with Proxy Form will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by Proxy.

By Order of the Board,
 H. A. READ, Secretary.

Head Office, Exploration Building, Johannesburg,

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